Saturday Night

July 4, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

The members of the Ontario Legislature's select committee on reform institutions had an uncomfortable session the other day, when they got into a discussion on the disposal of prisoners condemned to death.

Chairman William Stewart (PC, Parkdale) said the committee had been asked to select some isolated spot where people waiting to be hanged could be held until execution, because "if they are kept in existing jails, they disturb the morale of the other prisoners and upset the residents of the district."

Dr. S. F. Leavine (PC, Waterloo North) believed that the Province had no right to pick on any community as "the execution point of Ontario." W. J. Grummett (CCF, Cochrane South) thought there should be no executions in towns, but "there should be a central point and no date announced, just the week." Mr. Stewart argued that segregation of condemned prisoners in one place would remove the deterring influence of their penalty. Then W. M. Nickle (PC, Kingston) suggested that the matter be discussed with the Chief Justice of Ontario, and there it rests.

The members are concerned with the situation within the

GENE LOCKHART: Football and song-writing *(Page 4)*

Holiday

in the Oldsmobile way

Above: Oldsmobile "98" Holiday Coupé. A General Motors Value.

Never before such glamour in an automobile! Never before such wonderful creations as Oldsmobile's luxurious new Super "88" and Classic "98". One look tells you that these sleek new beauties are true aristocrats of the highways . . . one ride tells you that your driving holiday begins the moment you slip behind the wheel! You take command of the mightiest "Rocket" Engine ever built . . . Power Steering* lets you turn and park with miraculous ease . . . Power Brakes* give you quicker, surer stops – with 40% less effort! And to make your driving holiday complete, Oldsmobile offers the Autronic-Eye* for automatic headlight control. Make every motoring mile a thrilling new experience! See . . . and *drive* . . . the exciting new Super "88" and Classic "98"! On display at your Oldsmobile dealer's.

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"ROCKET" ENGINE

OLDSMOBILE

Eighty-Eight

Ninety-Eight

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

province, of course, but it would have been worthwhile if one of them had noted that the logical solution to the problem, which is not Ontario's alone, can be provided only by federal authority. That solution is the elimination of the death penalty. What the members themselves had to say about the selection of a place of execution showed how heavy is the burden of guilt we must carry as long as we use death as a punishment.

"People are upset" in the communities where prisoners are put to death. Of course they are upset, being too close to the event to escape some faint pricking of conscience. Their tidy little thoughts are disturbed when a carefully planned killing takes place in their midst. Let it be done at a distance from them, where nobody's complacency will be ruffled by anything so unpleasant as the inexorable beat of clocks ticking away the last minutes of a human being's life; let the agents of the law go to some hidden place for their ceremony of stretching a man's neck, so that the sound of cracking bones will not offend the sensibilities of those who pride themselves on being civilized; let us pretend that if the killing is done in someone else's backyard we do not need to share the shame.

We can hide and we can pretend, but we cannot escape from the realization that the taking of a man's life by precise, legal means is a hysterical act of revenge no matter where it takes place. Until the death penalty is abolished, there will always be this footnote to the story of our progress: we can think of no better punishment for murder than killing the person who has killed.

Loss of Pleasure

THE PROCESS by which courts decide how much money is to be awarded plaintiffs in damage suits has always puzzled us. There is a good chance that it puzzles the courts, too, because the awards are seldom the same in similar cases. How much are the affections of a husband worth? What is the price of discomfort? Now we have another puzzler: Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Rippen had to sleep apart during the first night of their honeymoon in London, because the room they had reserved was rented to someone else; they sued the hotel, and the court awarded them $51.75 for "loss of pleasure." We are now trying to find out how the court decided that the honeymooners had been deprived of exactly $51.75 worth of pleasure, no more, no less.

Prom Conductor

WHEN WE MET Lyle Cedric Henderson, he was wearing a grey sweat shirt, flannel trousers and signs of fatigue. "We got to town at three o'clock this morning," he said. "We flew from New York, where we had a radio show last night, and this is the time of day when lack of sleep really makes itself felt." The time of day was morning, the place was Toronto's Varsity Arena, where Mr. Henderson was preparing to conduct the Promenade Symphony orchestra in a concert the following evening. His "we" included his wife, Faye Emerson, who had accompanied him to Toronto to do the narration for Prokofieff's *Winter Holiday* on the Prom program.

Mr. Henderson is more commonly known as "Skitch". "I don't know how that name started, or when," he said. "But somewhere along the line I was tagged with it and it has stuck. I've kept it, because I think it fits me and it has a certain amount of distintive publicity value. When I first signed up as a conductor with the NBC Symphony Orchestra, I debated whether to change it because it might be too undignified. But I decided to keep it. It's pretty well accepted and it's easy to spell."

He was born in Birmingham, England, 31 years ago, "but my family moved to the mid-western United States when I was three years old." He started his musical career as a pianist and arranger, "but in recent years I've been conducting, and I want to concentrate more on that now." He built his reputation in Hollywood, where he arrived "because somebody gave me a ticket. I led dance bands in hotels, played for Sinatra and Crosby in some 'live' shows and finally got to be a conductor on various television programs."

It was in Hollywood he first met Miss Emerson. That was in 1939, but they did not get married until three years ago this month. "There was a stretch back there," he said, "when I flew a plane in the Pacific Theatre. I still take a plane up occasionally, more or less to keep my hand in. I do some sailing, too."

He yawned, and stretched his six-foot 200-pound body. "We're kept pretty busy," he said. "We do two radio shows a day in New York, and except for the summer months, there are TV programs as well. We were able to get up here for a couple of days because we transcribe the radio shows in advance, but it's a tricky bit of business. It's fun to be busy though, when it's work you enjoy."

MR. and MRS. L. C. HENDERSON: Somebody gave him a ticket.

The Art of Conversation

THERE HAS been some discussion in this magazine recently of the art of good conversation. As an admirer of that art in others but no skilful practitioner ourself, we felt it our duty to read an article recommended by a friend who is a salesman. The piece carried the title "Key Phrases That Keep Conversation Alive." We perused it with increasing horror. Reticence, it said, is "best overcome if we echo the other person's key phrases or thoughts so his ego becomes involved." And it went on to give examples of the key phrases: "You're right," "I agree with you," "so true," "you were smart." We put the article away, and went to bed, to spend a nightmarish night being pursued by relentless echoes. If this be the art of conversation, we shall remain a stumblebum.

Political Decision

THE BIG STEAL of the television channels (otherwise known as the Toronto-Hamilton-Kitchener switch) was strictly a bit of political jiggery-pokery, according to information obtained by Norman Campbell, Ottawa correspondent of the Toronto *Telegram*, It was "a complete surprise to the operating officials of the CBC," Mr. Campbell reported. "Now the CBC and the Government have a hot potato on their hands. Therefore, no decision will be made as to who is to have the Kitchener license until after the general election. It is reported here on good authority that A. Davidson Dunton, CBC chairman, protested strongly to the Department of Transport."

If the CBC had no part in the Big Steal, the reason for the inexcusable meddling with the television channels must be sought within the Government.

There are several possibilities. One is that the Government wanted to hand out favors in Kitchener, Kingston and Sherbrooke, and did not expect anything like the violent public reaction which the juggling of the channels has aroused. Another is that the Government was prepared for an outcry but summed up the situation thus: the Liberal machine is too strong in Montreal to be seriously disturbed, Toronto must be written off in any case because of long-standing dissatisfaction there, but Western Ontario can be pacified.

There is other evidence to suggest the second possibility. Although Metropolitan Toronto is the most heavily populated area in Canada, the biggest industrial centre and the greatest contributor of tax revenues, it has been denied representation in the Cabinet time and again, even though it has several capable Liberal Members (including the veteran David Croll). Yet Western Ontario has two representatives in the Cabinet: Paul Martin and Walter Harris. It must be apparent that the Federal Liberals believe that Toronto can be dismissed, as long as Western Ontario, a strategic area in any general election, can be secured.

Security and Decline

DURING THE NEXT few weeks we shall be hearing a great deal about the benefits of having the state look after all the needs of its citizens, from maternity treatment to funeral expenses. While this is going on in Canada, elected representatives in New Zealand will be trying to find a way of easing the burden placed on that country by the most extensive system of state welfare put into practice by any nation in the world. They are worried, because not only is it the most extensive, but also the most expensive.

The people of New Zealand are complaining bitterly about the high rates of taxation there, but during the past year half of all the money collected by the Government was used to pay for the so-called "free benefits." Taxes can be reduced if payments for some of the benefits are reduced or eliminated, but there are enough people who like to have things done for them to make the politicians nervous about trying any reduction.

Members of the Government can see the dangers of over-extended social security. The Minister of Social Welfare, Mrs. Hilda Ross, said recently: "Too many people are getting help from the state who are well able to fend for themselves. Some people think the state should be a kind of all-providing father, arranging for everyone their wages, jobs and houses . . . I think the state should come to the aid of those who are in distress and who are genuinely unable to help themselves . . . I wish we had never heard of state houses in New Zealand (houses built by the Government for

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rental). At present people are not saving or building. They apply for a state house and then sit back and wait."

Mrs. Ross knows that with taxes as high as they are, all that most New Zealanders can do is to sit back and wait. She knows, too, that the habit of sitting and waiting is easily acquired but, like most habits, not easily broken.

What the New Zealanders are learning is that in all things there is a point of diminishing returns. As state benefits increase, so does taxation, until the workers look at the shiftless and decide the returns for their labor are not worth the effort put into it. And at that point the nation begins its decline.

Yuh Gonna Talk Like That?

A FEW DAYS AGO we happened to overhear a teacher of English tell a pupil: "Yuhr gonna leahn this if I hafta beat it inna yuhr head." And we remembered a sentence we had read in the *New York Times* shortly after the Coronation. One of the most striking aspects of the Coronation ceremony, in the opinion of the *Times*, was "the beauty and dignity of the English language as spoken by those who have loved it enough to preserve its beauty and dignity from generation to generation."

The man we overheard was entrusted with the task of teaching children how to use their native language with some degree of skill and precision, but obviously he will never make a success of his job, because he has no feeling for the beauty of words, no delight in good speech. From his classes will come a stream of youngsters mouthing slurred consonants and flattened vowels.

It will not be all his fault, however. Many people, who should know better, seem to be deliberately cultivating a sloppy manner of speech, as if they want to show what regular fellows they are by talking like race track touts. They sprinkle "aints" through their conversation, and happily slaughter any combination like "going to." This sort of thing is not even decent snobbishness. It is desecration.

An Actor Returns

WHEN WE WENT around to visit Gene Lockhart, who will be playing the leading role in *Paint Your Wagon* at Toronto's Melody Fair next week, we were told he was out looking at the city. "The growth here during the last few years has been amazing," he said when we found him. "It's a fine city. I used to play football here, you know. That was when I went to St. Michael's. And much earlier, when I was about seven years old, I appeared in kilts as a dancer with the 48th Highlanders' Band." That would be in 1899; he was born in London, Ontario, in 1892, and received his secondary school education at De La Salle College in Windsor.

"I went to Brompton Oratory, in London, England, as well, but then I came back here," he said. "I was in vaudeville for a while, and got on the New York stage in *The Riviera Girl*—at the New Amsterdam, back in 1917." Then followed appearances in a great variety of plays and revues, including a confection called *How's Your Code*, which he wrote himself. "I've written quite a bit of material, mostly sketches and lyrics," he said, without mentioning his collaboration with Ernest Seitz which produced *The World is Waiting for the Sunrise*. "Back in the early twenties I did the book and lyrics of *Heigh-Ho*, and Deems Taylor did the music." His eyes twinkled. "It may be heredity. I'm a descendant of John Gibson Lockhart, the biographer of Sir Walter Scott."

During the last 20 years, most of his acting has been done in Hollywood. "It suits me," he said, "although I like to get back to the stage from time to time. There are some roles you just can't turn down — for instance, Willy Loman in *Death of a Salesman*. Incidentally, *Paint Your Wagon* is a good show. This is the first time anyone has been given summer theatre rights to it, and it's going to be the first musical comedy in Three D. "It's all going to be a lot of fun."

He looked out at the shimmering blue of Lake Ontario. "Where are the best fishing spots around here now? I want to do some fishing — golfing, too." His other interests? "Tennis and swimming."

Death of a Hero

THE YOUNG athletes of today have a sharp appreciation of the value of a dollar, and they prefer contracts and bonuses to medals and cups. If one is disposed to argue with them, they do not need to delve far into the past for practical rebuttals. Only a few weeks ago the newspapers recorded the death of Big Bill Tilden, undoubtedly the greatest of all tennis players. The news of his death was still in the headlines of the Los Angeles journals when the pawnshop next to the Brown Derby filled its windows with the cups and trophies he had won.

The Champion

"THIS VARIETY Village is quite an idea," Rocky Marciano told us, as he prepared for his appearance at the Village's variety show in Toronto this week. "I think it's terrific. I like kids, I guess it's bred in me, and I like to do all I can for them. Especially now that I'm the champ. You can do things for the kids, but you got to set an example, too. I don't drink or smoke and I keep in good condition. When you're just another guy coming along, you can do just about what you like and nobody cares. But when you get up there you got to do things right because people are watching you."

This swarthy young man, who was born in Brockton, Mass., 28 years ago to an immigrant couple named Marchegiano, is very conscious of his position as the world's heavyweight boxing champion. "I guess fighting's the thing I do best," he said. "After I came out of the Army, I had fifteen different jobs and they were all lousy. I've been a newsboy, ditch digger, trucker's helper, dishwasher, candy mixer, factory hand, snow remover, even helped a landscape gardener. Then I started fighting. It was rough at the start, real rough, but I guess I've done pretty good."

United Press

ROCKY MARCIANO receives plaque from Joe Martin, Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives, as Robert K. Christenberry (right), New York State boxing commissioner, looks on.

The "pretty good" is a record of 44 victories (39 by knockouts) in 44 fights. He became the champion on the night of Sept. 23 last year, when he planted a straight right and a left hook on the jaw of ancient Joseph Walcott during the first minutes of the 13th round. Up to that minute, Mr. Walcott had been giving young Marciano a lesson in the art of fisticuffs. "He was cute, real cute," Marciano said. "But I knew that sooner or later I'd get a good, clean shot at his jaw."

He takes his job seriously. "I want to be a good champ, like Joe Louis was," he explains. "When I was a kid, he was a hero to me, and I've always admired him. He fought everybody that came up and licked 'em — as long as he had it. He should have quit then, but he tried to come back, and that was when I fought him. That was in October, three years ago. I knocked him out in the eighth round. I knew somebody had to do it some day, but when I looked at him lying there, I was sorry it had been me that done it. He'd been one of the really great fighters."

The McCarthy Myth

ONE OF THESE days people are going to take a good long look at Senator McCarthy and see him for what he is: a nobody, a nothing. He does not speak well; he has no fluency of phrase or thought; there is no sparkle of originality in him, and his ideas and methods are as old as the mumbo-jumbo of witchcraft. He is like one of the things that go bump in the night, born of an immemorial terror of the dark and bred in the blind places of the mind. His dimensions as a man are small; the stature that he seems to have is an illusion, a magnification of fear.

He is cunning and understands the use of fear as a weapon. He knows that so many people in his country are terrified by the thought of being deceived by Communists who have crept into high places, he can destroy an enemy's good name merely by suggestion; he does not have to commit himself to forthright denunciation, but only has to show an ancient picture of his enemy talking to a Communist or to a person suspected of being a Communist.

There is something pitifully ludicrous about unreasoned panic, but its aftermath is sheepish laughter. The McCarthy myth will become just another wry little story when the fearful people can laugh at the vague terrors that possessed them, and recognize that the grotesqueries of the Senator from Wisconsin fit him better for the role of clown than anything else on the stage of public affairs.

Blunder No Argument

INSERTION of commercial "plugs" by American networks in the television films of the Coronation was inexcusable. It was not only a violation of the agreement with the BBC, which provided the films, but a gross display of bad taste. To use the American blunder as an argument for protecting the CBC monopoly in Canada, however, is not just farfetched; it is absurd. It would be just as sensible to argue that because one person in a particular business is guilty of some misdemeanor, everybody else in the same business is guilty, too. Besides, the CBC has demonstrated time and again that American networks have no monopoly on bad taste.

Letters

Canadian Theatre

THE ARTICLE in your June 6 issue by Tyrone Guthrie entitled "Development of Live Drama in Canada" is not only a most uninformed piece but an insult to those people active in Canadian professional theatre. . .

One or two examples will serve to show how uninformed about Canadian theatre Mr. Guthrie is.

"A permanent professional community theatre then is only possible with the aid of subsidy." How does he explain a theatre like the Niagara Barn which served the Niagara Peninsula last year through a 34-week season with not one week showing red ink?

He states that a community theatre "must be professionally directed and staffed," and there must be "frequent recruitment of the professional company from people who have made their start in amateur groups. Until at least one such theatre exists in Canada. . ." Does Mr. Guthrie not realize that such theatres do exist in Canada?

Perhaps when, as Canadians, we stop bowing in reverence to talented but badly informed gentlemen from Britain and the United States and look to our own people for a theatre, then we will realize that within our bounds a truly Canadian theatre is rising, and has been rising, for years.

JACK BLACKLOCK,
Director, Niagara Barn Theatre.
Vineland Station, Ont.

I AM SURE Mr. Sinclair will be delighted to learn that *Dark of the Moon* has not really vanished into oblivion. It has been presented several times since its Broadway debut by American summer theatre and college dramatic organizations, and was the London Little Theatre entry in our own 1953 Dominion Drama Festival. The National Ballet Company of Canada is also preparing a dance version of the play, with a special musical score by Louis Applebaum. By the way, it's rather misleading to describe *Dark of the Moon* as a retelling of the Barbara Allen legend. The co-authors invented their own contribution to the Barbara Allen theme, and both the verses and the plot are completely original. The play is just as excellent as Mr. Sinclair says it is, but it's a synthetic, rather than genuine, folk-play.

Toronto NATHAN COHEN

The Right to Choose

THE CORRESPONDENTS who have been defending the CBC and decrying the programs of private radio and television stations seem to have missed the point completely. I have not yet seen, in SATURDAY NIGHT or any other publication, a demand that the CBC be replaced by private operators. The only demand has been that private stations be allowed to operate on a basis of equality with the CBC. Surely no one can object to that.

If I understand rightly the arguments of the enemies of private enterprise in broadcasting, they would eliminate all opposition to the CBC. In other words, they would deprive us all of any choice of listening or viewing. We would be forced to listen to and watch the programs *they* enjoy, no matter what *we* might like.

What the private interests want, unless I am mistaken, is only the right to operate, with a fair chance of making a success of their operation. All they do is offer a choice of programs. They do not say, "You must listen to this."

Let the people who like the CBC tune in the CBC stations. But for heaven's sakes let's give a choice to those people (and there are plenty of them) who prefer some other fare.

Hamilton J. F. MCDOUGALL

AS AN OUTSIDER I have been following the debate over the television channels with great interest . . . There seems to be one point not discussed yet. Mr. Chevrier apparently made the switch without giving anybody any official warning; nobody was given a chance to prepare any arguments against the changes in the channels . . . And yet the Kitchener interests had it all figured out well ahead of time. Does this not suggest that it was a cut-and-dried affair before anything was said in public?

Kirkland Lake, Ont. FRANK MORLEY

Costain or Cox?

THE WASPISH attack by Mrs. E. B. Cox on Farley Mowat for daring to say what needed to be said is typical of the parochial attitude which afflicts the Canadian intelligentsia . . . These people take the attitude that anything that is popular must automatically be bad, and anything not approved by the uncultured masses must be good . . . She also looked down her nose at Costain. If there's a choice between the literary opinion of Costain and Cox, who'll you take? . . .

Ottawa CLARENCE JONES

A Calgarian's Grog

THERE IS NO sense in trying to reform the drinking habits of Calgarians, as some one started to do on your front page . . . In fact, the word "drunk" is never used among Calgarians, or even by other citizens of the foothills or the mountains. You merely say so-and-so was "tired" or looked "tired".

There was an old gent around the Ranchmen's Club who consumed his daily forty or two without bothering anyone, though his friends noted that when he passed the 80 mark he started to get drowsy around 4 a.m. during the friendly poker parties. He went along right fine until during the last war, the one they called World War II, the Government rationed the liquor in Alberta to 13 ounces per month. This was too much for the old timer, once he got it through his head that the boy at the liquor store on 8th Avenue was really telling him the truth. "Hell, son," he said, "I spill that much getting the first drink into me in the morning." He went right on the wagon and stayed there, too, until they restored the quota to a point where a self-respecting drinking man could hold up his head and down it.

Reform the world, if you must. Put pants on the heathen . . . But don't get between a Calgarian and his grog.

Montreal H. T. COLEMAN

Wasted Food

I ARRIVED in Canada from Europe a year ago. It has been a good year, the best of my life, and every day that goes by increases my appreciation of this wonderful country . . .

There is one thing that bothers me, however. That is the amount of food that is wasted by Canadians. I must blame myself, too, because now that I am no longer hungry, I find myself wasting food. It happens in the home: we are not so hungry, so we do not bother to eat all that is on the plate, and we do not save it but throw it in the garbage pail. It happens in the restaurants: meals half-finished and wasted. It is natural in a land of plenty, I suppose, and I do not know what can be done about it. But when I remember the hunger I saw in Europe, I get sick . . . There must be enough good food in the garbage cans of Canada each day to feed half the hungry people of Europe.

Winnipeg WALTHER COPERNIK

Talking and Writing

MR. BATES builds up quite a case against the suggestion by Robertson Davies that it might be a good idea for novelists to learn how to talk well before they try writing . . . He forgets one or two things. One is that good writing invariably can be read aloud with great pleasure (I believe Gordon Sinclair mentioned this some time ago). Another is that there is a rhythm and balance in great prose which could only be obtained by the writer's ability to grasp the cadences of the spoken word . . . And it might be a good thing if some would-be novelists found out before they ever put pen to paper that they did not know how to handle the language.

Vancouver CHARLOTTE CRANSTON

Protection for Industry

YOU SEEM to be committed to a policy of unrestricted free trade. This would be fine if other countries operated the same way . . . Consider the Canadian textile industry. It can produce as efficiently as any, but it must meet the competition of goods dumped in this country by the United States, which prevents Canadians from competing with American manufacturers by means of an involved system of duties . . . The only fair thing is to put as many difficulties in the way of Americans selling in Canada as the Americans put in the way of Canadians trying to sell in the U.S. . . .

Montreal RAYMOND LALONDE

Biggest City

WHILE I ENJOYED Jim Coleman's account of the adventures of Toronto's annual Press fishing party (SATURDAY NIGHT, June 20), I cannot allow his beggarly description of Toronto as *Canada's second largest city* to go unchallenged . . . The recent establishment of the Metropolitan Council means, as Council chairman Frederick Gardiner has pointed out, that Greater Toronto is now also the largest city to come under one autonomous government—as opposed to the separate municipal bodies which govern parts of Greater Montreal. The proof? But certainly. Consult the population figures: Metropolitan Toronto: 1,117,470; Montreal: 1,021,520.

Toronto OLIVE JOHNSON

A Criminal's Life

J. S. GARDINER (May 30), who suggests that those who defend capital punishment with "self-righteous talk about removing menaces to society" should attend a hanging, might himself profit were he able to witness just one of the brutal murders which occur almost daily.

What penalty (if any) would your correspondent impose on the fiend who only this week fatally attacked two young girls with such appalling savagery that press reports can merely hint at their injuries? Does he consider that the life of such a criminal should be preserved indefinitely by imprisonment—at the public expense?

Worthing, England E. K. BERRY

Canada's Flag

WHATEVER has happened to plans for a truly Canadian flag? It's about time something was done about it . . . I see the Red Ensign being used in preference to the Union Jack, but that still does not constitute a Canadian flag, merely a poor substitute . . .

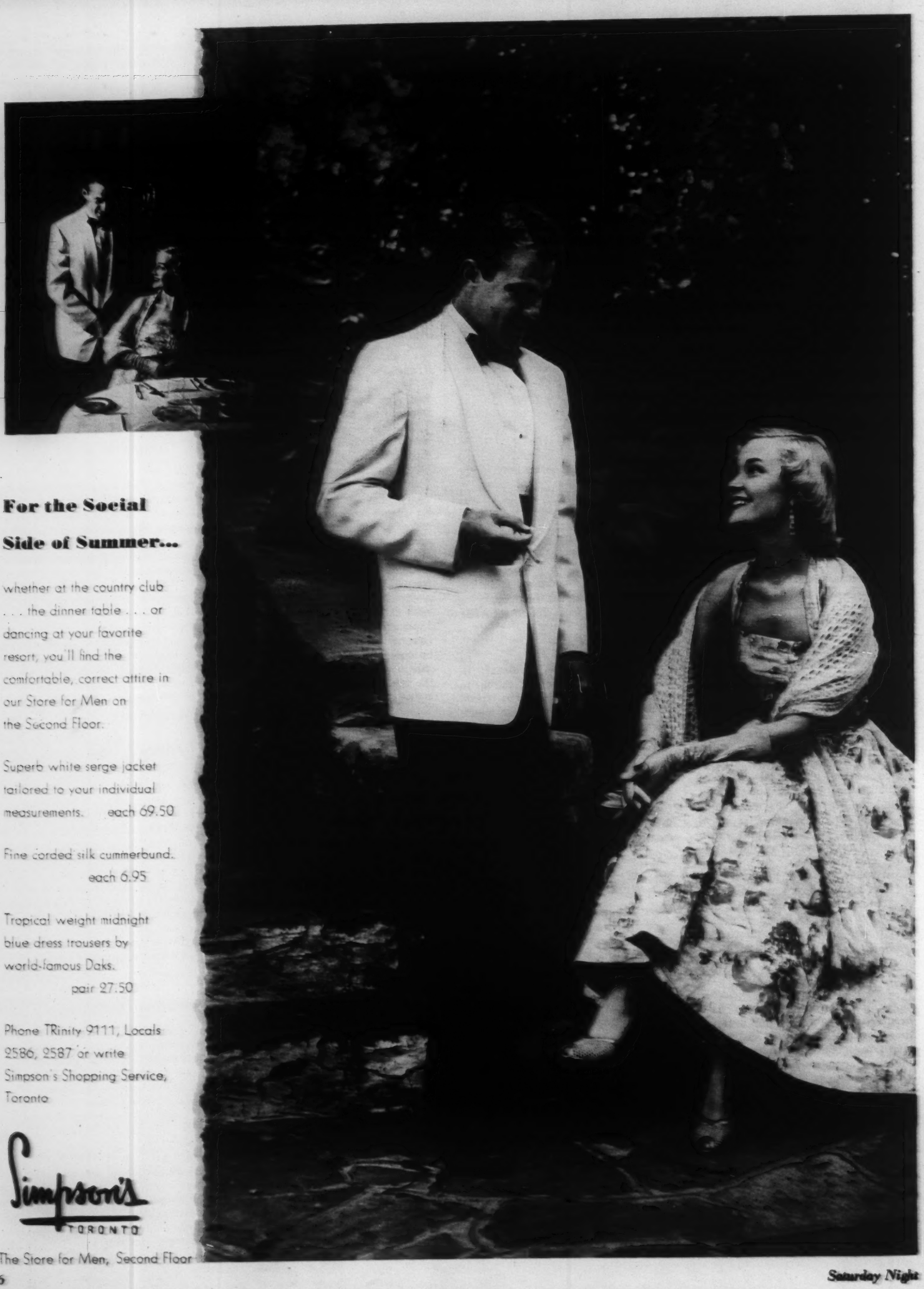
This is not a matter of narrow nationalism—although it is still irritating to go over to England and be called a colonial. But Canada has grown and progressed to the point of individuality as a nation. The pattern will not be complete without a flag.

Calgary CHARLES CALLAN

Political Prophecy

I BELIEVE that this may be the last federal election in which the Conservatives will provide the main opposition to the Liberals. I am no Social Crediter, but there is sense in what Social Credit members have said in Parliament: the time is coming when the Liberals will swallow the CCF (they have stolen most of the CCF platform anyway) and there will be a consolidation of the right-wing Conservatives and Social Credit, as has happened in British Columbia and Alberta. It is the only logical development—a party of the Right and a party of the Left . . .

St. John HARVEY WILCOX



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A Canadian Abroad: Gobs and Garçons

By EARLE BIRNEY

FOR CANADIANS, travel is not only broadening, it is downright confusing. Isolated, and tending to be a little smug in consequence, we find that one by one our pat generalizations about other peoples must be chucked out the porthole and the hotel window.

About Americans, for example. We Canadians take pride in being authorities on Americans. We know they are neither as bad as they are painted or as good as they paint themselves. But then, perhaps, you set off for France, as we did last December from Vancouver in a French freighter, and you are hauled out of your bunk in the dead of the first night, Christmas Eve, by a cluster of arrogant immigration officials at Tacoma. It is of no consequence that you already have transit visas, wrung by a week's queuing from equally hoity-toity officials in the American consulate at Vancouver; it is irrelevant that you do not want to set foot on Tacoma's sacred soil, and that your ship is sailing again the next morning; you must fill out the old forms anew and solemnly swear, standing in your pajamas in the ship's *fumoir* at two in the morning, that your son, aged eleven, has never been a member of the Communist Party or of the Spanish Falangists. You begin to think that, whoever is President of the U.S.A., McCarthy is her Prime Minister.

Later our ship docked at San Francisco and Los Angeles, where we did go ashore, and met old friends—professors, writers, a psychiatrist, a master-carpenter, a research scientist on federal payrolls—and we were ready to maintain that our neighbors haven't changed at all, that their liberal-minded men and women speak as openly and think as clearly as ever, with that blend of candor and shrewdness, bigtown realism and barefoot idealism, which is peculiarly American. And by the time our freighter had nosed out of San Pedro harbor we were sure that, even if Americans were the new imperialists, the richest, most hurrying and harassed Romans of all time, they were also the friendliest folk on earth.

Yet how to square all this with witch-hunts and the official neurosis of fear? Why all the hullabaloo? In a country where the common man was so prosperous, what possible danger could there be from Communism? My wife ventured to ask this last question of a fellow-passenger, a millionaire lumberman on his way to pick up a plane in Curaçao and fly around South America. He fixed her with a righteous Republican eye: "You don't live in the U.S.A., so how could you understand what goes on?" He turned on his heel, and for the next three days failed to recognize us on the ship's deck.

There are, of course, at least half a dozen Americas. Unfortunately, most Europeans know only the worst one.

The sailors on our ship, pious Bretons most of them and supporters of the Catholic MRP, were going home this time remembering only the immigration officials who had prevented all of them from stepping ashore in an American port because a few of them belonged to a French trade union, some of whose officials were on McCarthy's red-list.

The salesgirls in the *grands magazins* of Paris, the waiters in the expensive restaurants, accumulate a sardonic understanding of the rich American tourist, of all tourists the most helplessly monolingual, the most demanding, the most banal. And what odd notions of the average American must persist along the Côte d'Azur, whether in elegant Cannes or quiet old Beaulieu, whose inhabitants are monthly subjected to the massed shore-leaves of U.S. sailors?

One moonlight evening on the highway running by Golfe Juan I saw traffic stopped by hundreds of staggering sailors, in a state of mass drunkenness, brawling, molesting passing women, and rending the soft night with shouts for more liquor. Ferries were speeding from the anchored aircraft-carriers to the shore, dumping still more of the thirsty celebrants into the little village (most of whose inhabitants had already retired, doused their lights, and locked their shutters).

The impartial observer can pity these lonely sailors, kids most of them, and query the judgment of their officers, who dumped them so far from Nice, where there were bars and girls streamlined to welcome them; but the village Frenchman is more likely to store up another grudge against that distant and violent country of gangsters and cowboys, whose money and maritime protection he accepts, but whose power he fears only a little less than he fears Russia's. And the next day he may slip out with a paintbrush and scrawl "Go Home, Yanks" across the nearest brick wall. It is a slogan propagated by the French Communist Party, but not all who scribble it are Reds.

What of the French themselves? It is just as easy and as difficult to generalize about them. That scene of the reeling gobs on Golfe Juan is incomplete without the little Provençal *charcutiers* who had appeared promptly from nowhere, set up booths on the roadside, and were busy selling the Americans enormous hotdogs and veritable hamburgers, the sort the ordinary traveller never sees, at quite exorbitant prices. What tales, then, do the sailors take back to Texas concerning the French?

And what can I tell of them, a callow Canadian who has been in France less than four months? Which French do you mean?

Is it the little family in old Antibes who run the Auberge Provençale, where we lived *en pension* through most of a Mediterranean April? They are as warm as their sunshine, and generous as the red earth of their vineyards and their olive orchards.

Is it the post-office clerks and the innumerable other minor functionaries? They are the fussiest, most disobliging public-be-damned set of little tyrants I've ever encountered. Yet in a country which alternates monotonously between a cabinet-in-crisis and no cabinet at all, they are the real government, underpaid and undervalued, and taking what consolation they can from the petty exercise of their power.

Or is it the overworked *garçon* in the pocket-sized *bistro* where you sip your blue-black morning coffee, the overalled mademoiselle who sells you gas on the side of a roaring boulevard, the china-frail grandmother in the village shop where you are trying to buy a cover for your car-pillow without knowing that the damned thing is called a *tête-oreiller*? Each serves you with the courtesies of the age of *Louis Quatorze*, and helps you through your stumbling French like a doting parent.

French Government Tourist Office

THE PLACE DE L'OPERA, PARIS: "Streets are a bedlam of horns, bells and shrieking brakes".

THE EIFFEL TOWER: Everest is only about thirty times higher.

TWO HUNDRED years ago Lawrence Sterne found the French "a loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenious, and good-temper'd people as is under heaven"—but the author of *A Sentimental Journey* did not drive a motorcar. Loyalty of a sort the modern Frenchman still has. He believes, and with some right, that his country is the most beautiful and civilized in the world, and its people the most artistic and rational. He has, therefore, no desire to visit other countries, except his colonies, where he expects to be welcomed as a civilizing influence. He is so loyal that when he reports in *Figaro* the British conquest of Everest, he pauses to note that the mountain's altitude is only about thirty times the height of the Eiffel Tower.

But put any Frenchman behind the wheel of an auto or a *motocyclette* and he is loyal only to himself and the highest power of his horn and his cylinders. Gallantry, generosity, good-

temper? They go up in the smoke and roar of his exhaust. Ingenuity? It is consecrated to the art of beating to the crossing every other driver and pedestrian in sight. If the contest turns out a draw, and he survives, he calls on the rich resources of *la belle langue* to assert the criminal incompetence of his victim, that mad cow, that bacon-faced murderer who has inserted his old potato of a body between a machine and its shining progress.

I have seen a handsome young Frenchman, the sort who would leap to open the door for any ragged old woman in a shop, roar on his motorcycle into a crowded pedestrian lane, knock down a pretty girl, and sit smiling cynically on his seat while she struggled to her feet, picked up her scattered parcels, brushed at her ruined dress, and limped over to complain to a bored policeman on the corner.

The accident rate throughout France is fearful; what traffic laws exist are broken with *éclat*, and city streets are a bedlam of horns, bells and shrieking brakes. The roads are everywhere good, perhaps too good—the smallest country lane is better surfaced than some of our provincial highways—and they are well-marked, but there are no stop-signs into highways and no speed-limits on them; main crossings are death-traps, and the narrow streets of provincial towns, at rush-hours, are massed with wavering cyclists. That I have driven four thousand miles in France without an accident is no testimony either to some underlying pattern of safety in this chaos, or to my own skill, but to a colossal run of luck which I go in hourly fear of breaking.

They order this matter better in Belgium and Holland, where the cyclists have their own hedge-protected lanes, and klaxons are not used merely to announce your advent in a street. And in England, of course, a gentleman would have to be very exasperated indeed to tootle his horn; the act is meant to be as shocking and salutary as slapping you in the face with a cold crumpet. One is tempted, therefore, to seek peculiarly French reasons for French driving. Is it the symbolic release of a people who have been too severely disciplined, first by their parents, then their schoolteachers, then their hated invaders from over the Rhine, and now by their postal-clerks?

Whatever it is, let us put it back in perspective. Make no doubt of it, the French are still a wonderful race. A little tired, a little sceptical perhaps, the bitter defeat and occupation not yet forgotten, and the mushroom shape of another war still in the sky; but they remain a people who have more to teach the world than to learn from it.

This is still the country which drinks millions of barrels of wine a year, and where the only visible drunks are tourists; where the food is so good you don't begrudge the two hours you spend in a restaurant waiting to get it; where every church is also a habitation and a museum, and the lovers scratch their names within hearts on the stone backs of the fourteenth-century saints before wandering out to stroll, kissing and unregarded, on the long and leafy boulevards. It is the country where university education is free and the entrance requirements real; where poets compete in village festivals and, dead, are themes for statues.

And it is many countries, just as America and Canada are many countries.

It is the Riviera, where the beaches now have a gaudy roof of sun-umbrellas, little boys are shaping authentically feudal sand-castles, big girls are playing handball in this year's diaper-cut bathing suits, bronzed soldiers-on-leave are turning handsprings to impress them, and the international *haut-bourgeoisie* is watching them all from the palm-shaded terraces, watching a little wistfully as they drink more aperitifs than are good for them.

Or the Dordogne, where you come into the little towns over graceful medieval bridges, where the hills are wilder than the Laurentians and their caves are still gleaming with the painted bulls of Cro-Magnon man.

Or Champagne, where the caves are lined with bottles, and the chalk-blocks have been piled up into the magnificence of Rheims cathedral; and where the heart of many an old town is bravely new again, solid and clean, reconstructed after yet another war.

Or Paris. But who can tell anyone else about Paris?

•

Maturing

Maturing means perhaps
Burying questions
Shunning answers.
Watching the steps
Of dancers
Hurrying
Across the screens.

To go home together
With all the others
After the show;
Discussing the weather
And a thousand
Little bothers
And Mrs. so and so.

To discuss seriously
Whether the walls
Had better be
Painted cream or buff;
Whether two or three
Reproductions
In the Hall
Are enough.

ANTHONY FRISCH

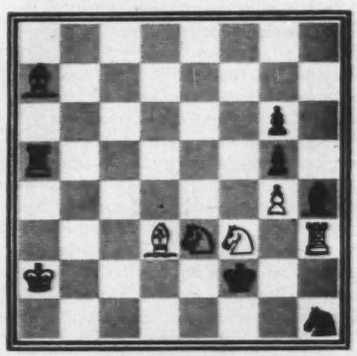
Chess Problem

ARABIAN chess players called their problems and end-games *Mansubat*. In the manuscripts, about 1,600 Mansubat are preserved, but elimination of duplicates and closely parallel positions has whittled them down to less than one-third that number. They held their place in Mohammedan countries for seven or eight centuries. Around the twelfth century, Arabian chess started to spread into Europe. It led to our present game, and the new rules were introduced into the Mohammedan world towards the end of the sixteenth century. But Arabian composition fell back under the change, and the only one of their later composers we hear of today is Philip Stamma, who flourished around 1735.

Little is known of the early development of the chess problem in Europe, though the number of MSS is large. In them there are references to betting on the soundness of individual positions. The game itself was widely cultivated, especially among the nobility, with hundreds of references to it in contemporary literature. The Italians called chess problems *Partita* and the French *Jeux Parties*. The latter term gained wider use and developed into our word: jeopardy.

Problem No. 20, by J. Hartong

Black—Five Pieces.



White—Eight Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

A little conditional problem, that tantalized many in its round of chess clubs some 35 years back, came to mind recently and we had the luck to spot it in "Chess Potpourri" by Alfred C. Klahre, a genial Brooklyn collector of anything unusual or amusing in chess:

Place three white Qs on QKt1, QB1 and Q1, and the black K on his QR1. White to play and mate in seven, without moving any of the Qs away from the first rank. By F. S. Ensor. Solution next week.

Solution of Problem No. 19

Key-move 1.R-K5, threatening 2.R-Q5 mate. If KxP; 2.K-B5 mate. If RxP; 2.QxRP mate. If QxRch or Q-B5; 2.K-K7 mate. If QxPch; 2.KxQ mate.

Other moves of the black Q, guarding Q4, are all answered by 2.R-Q5 mate.

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SN-JULY, 1953

Persona Grata

The Best-Hated Man in London

IN THE SAVOY HOTEL, London, was holding one of its typical Fleet Street, Cafe Society-cum-political banquets. Five hundred front-page names had gathered to eat, drink, and make speeches. The toast was an aged, emaciated, dusty figure dressed in the exaggerated formal clothes of the last generation of Bohemians. Hannen Swaffer, the "best-hated man in London", wasn't doing so badly for himself.

Swaffer, the "Pope of Fleet Street", the Great Debunker, the "most dangerous man in London" (H. G. Wells), the "greatest Fleet St. personality of our time" (Beaverbrook), is 73 years of crusty age, and has just celebrated 50 years in the street of ink which he made the street of insults. The banquet was the tribute of those who loved, feared, and hated him. Swaffer repaid them by making the best speech of the evening.

Hannen Swaffer is one of the sights of London. Years ago, when he decided to be a Personality, he dressed for it. His hair grew long. He wore a high starched collar, and beneath it, a black silk cravat six inches wide. A broad black hat crowned the thin, pale aesthetic face. He then covered himself with ashes, like an Indian holy man, and continued to drop ash on the same suit for a quarter century.

Was all this necessary to be a columnist? Swaffer thought so. He was determined to make himself a power in the land, and if in doing so he made enemies, that was all right too. Several times a month his column was headed "People who are not speaking to me". And in all pictures of him with celebrities, Swaffer is doing the talking.

Indirectly, he did much for the journalist of 25 years ago, and the Manchester *Guardian* said of him, "He got up on stilts to teach reporters how to get off their knees in the presence of the powerful". He was extreme, but so were the causes he espoused, the campaigns he backed. In all his life he never thought of anything but newspapers.

I have walked down the Strand with Swaffer, and the experience is illuminating. In the street, an old charwoman stopped, looked twice, and asked to shake his hand. "Just to thank you for what you've done for the boys in the Navy," she said. She was referring to Swaffer's twenty-year battle with the Admiralty to end flogging and other abuses. People stopped and stared at this sartorial relic of the past. Swaffer literally halted the traffic, since point-duty policemen watched him carefully, knowing he never looked before stepping off the curb.

Since the day, over twenty years ago, when he walked out of a bar saying he'd never be back, he has held his informal court in a corner of the lobby of the Savoy. During the day, he will have been to the House of Commons, an embassy, lunch at the Ivy, and a first night. But he always ends up at the Savoy. He does not, these many years, go in search of personalities; they come to him. It might seem that this is a newspaperman who works in reverse, for when you get to read his column, you find that Swaffer has not been asking questions of people, but telling them. "The Great I-Wolf", they called him, and there is hardly a column that doesn't begin with the personal pronoun. When the *New Statesman and Nation* held a contest for the best Swaffer paragraph to describe the day following the unthinkable event of Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere being killed in an accident, the winning entry was: " 'Why is everyone so quiet?' the Aga Khan asked me as we walked into the Ritz. I told him."

SWAFFER, who has done everything in his time, used to stammer. The story he told me of a great scoop that misfired, is typical of his jesting at himself and at life in general.

"When I was on the *Daily Mail*," he said, "I was supposed to go to a football match, a Cup Final. On the way I dropped into the Falstaff for a drink, and met there a Welsh miner who gave me one of the greatest stories of my career." The story was of the plight of Welsh pit-ponies which never saw the light of day. Swaffer had never heard of them, and was horrified. "We forgot the great match," he said, "and stayed in the Falstaff all afternoon. I resolved that the pit-ponies would have the backing of Swaffer."

His paper dripped anguish for a week. The editorials castigated the conscience of the nation. Preachers devoted whole sermons to the subject. The country, according to Swaffer, went about with a hang-dog expression until Swaffer could right a terrible wrong. The climax was to be a great mass meeting in the Albert Hall. Archbishops, statesmen, and actresses were to speak—and Swaffer. As he told the story years later, the memory of it brought back the stammer. And then, he gave it the Swaffer touch as he recalled the date.

The day after the great meeting, there wasn't a line about pit-ponies in the paper, not a mention of the archbishops, not a picture of the actresses. "God got j-jealous," Swaffer said, "and s-sank the T-T-Titanic . . ."

Swaffer cultured the insult as a method of deflating pride, but there was wit too. When a theatre critic was fired for a slighting review of a show in which Nikitina, the dancer, appeared, Swaffer suspected that his old enemy, Charles B. Cochran, had exerted his influence. Owing to the laws of libel, he could do little in Britain, but his column in New York's *Variety* that week began: "Fleet Street has Nikitina poisoning . . ."

Miller

HANNEN SWAFFER: There must have been times when he listened.

Cochran at one time banned Swaffer from eleven of his theatres in London. Up to 1931, when he quit the theatre as a field for a column, Swaffer probably had the best backstage and the worst front-stage column in history. He is still alone in reporting his story of a back-stage party on the night of King Edward's Abdication Speech.

"Everybody in London" was attending a pre-rehearsal party on the stage, and the radio was tuned in for the historic speech. At its conclusion, Swaffer saw Marlene Dietrich send for her coat and order her car, in a great state of emotional turmoil. "Where are you going, Marlene?" he asked. "To the King!" Marlene replied (according to Swaff). "I must save the King for England!" But it must be said that Swaffer still has that story as an "exclusive", though Miss Dietrich never denied it.

SWAFFER, still in the same theatrical costume, visited Moscow to give them the benefit of his views, India to have Gandhi as an audience, Hollywood, Washington, ("That peripatetic bag of bones" said *Time*), every country in Europe and the Orient, and at times even Manchester and Leeds. Everywhere, it was only with the "best people" that he conversed, and so the four million readers of his column (nearly six million in the Sunday *People*), grew to know something of the world through this remarkable mirror on the universe that so often only reflected Swaffer. He left the Northcliffe Press and the Beaverbrook Press, with a short lecture to each Press Lord on resignation, and joined Odhams Press for a public more attuned to his own politics—Socialism. He took an apartment in Trafalgar Square in order, as he said, "to have a good view of the revolution", and day by day sauntered slowly to his office in Covent Garden to write his column.

He became a devotee of spiritualism, wrote several books, and proved his boast that he was one of the best orators in the country, for he could fill the Albert Hall whenever he liked. Gradually he veered away from the stage, except for occasional sorties, and spent more and more time in the House of Commons. He traded insults with Bernard Shaw, with his old boss Beaverbrook, told Sir Winston were he was wrong, and generally kept a paternal curb on the nation's exuberance.

Swaffer—nobody ever calls him "Hannen", though he is the original first-name-dropper—comes from an old West of England family. He might very well have invented (as he claims) the gossip column, for it was in 1903 that he first had a by-line in the new *Daily Mail*. Northcliffe, foreseeing the effects of the Education Act, gambled that the newspaper would be snapped up by the millions if it were "bright". Young Swaffer's chit-chat about the great exactly suited "the Chief's" ideas. Both of them knew that the great public would rather know what went into a celebrity's stomach at breakfast than what came out of his mouth in a speech.

His claim to have "invented" illustrated journalism is perhaps based on his theory, "If you get a bad picture, print it big. It then looks good". The cynical comment might well hold good today.

Hannen Swaffer has been growing very deaf, though since he never listened to what anybody told him, the handicap is not apparent in his daily column. And if, in testy old age, it sometimes appears that he is against every established tradition, it is as well to remember that there is a Mrs. Swaffer in the grandstand-for-the-Revolution flat in Trafalgar Square. The Swaffers have been married 49 years. There must have been times when he listened.

ROLAND WILD

Ottawa Letter

Platforms, Promises and Possibilities

THE ELECTION CAMPAIGN is now in full swing and the inundation of the country with a flood of political oratory and propaganda has begun. The large attendances at nominating conventions and other political gatherings suggest that the voters are much less apathetic about the contest than in 1949 and that, instead of being content with listening to broadcasts, many of them want to make a personal appraisement of the leaders of the rival parties and their candidates.

All these chieftains have now made their keynote speeches and by them set a course for their supporters in their electioneering tactics. Prime Minister St. Laurent has expounded his political faith and rather modest aspirations about reforms in language in which "folksy" observations are a pleasing variant from legalistic diction which could give the impression that he is just an able lawyer doing his best with a brief for the Liberal party. Mr. Coldwell has restated with his usual force and clarity the CCF's version of the Socialist program of the British Labor party, and has been trying to persuade the western farmers that he is the only reliable champion of their interests. And Mr. Drew has committed his party to an elaborate 16-point program of reforms.

It was noticeable that in his opening speech Mr. Drew discarded the prefix "Progressive" from his party's name, and this reversion to its old and simpler title, which carries no flavor of discredit, is all to the good. His address was couched in studiously moderate terms and his restrained references to the frailties and follies of the Department of National Defence indicate that he intends in his campaign to give his constructive program precedence over a sustained arraignment of the Government for maladministration.

Mr. Drew and his party have reason to be happy over the apparent collapse of the plans of the Social Credit party to build a nationwide organization for the election and can now regard them as prospective allies rather than as competitors, except in Alberta and British Columbia.

THE LIBERALS are acutely conscious that their acquisition of a working majority depends upon keeping within reasonable limits the gains which the Conservatives are bound to make in Ontario, unless the evidence of by-elections is deceptive. They may not accept Mr. Coldwell's prophecy that their western contingent will be cut down to 12, but they are prepared for a severe reduction of it and for some losses in the Maritime provinces. Even if they retain all their present seats in Quebec, they will need at least 30 from Ontario to be assured of a comfortable position in the new House of Commons.

The editorial condemnation of the Government's policies on a variety of grounds, made lately by the official organ of the Trades and Labor Congress, and the failure of Mr. St Laurent to fulfil his specific pledge to give Toronto a representative in the Cabinet, should spell doom for a number of Liberal occupants of seats in the city and its environs, and so the Liberals seem to be concentrating their energies upon salvaging their seats elsewhere in the Province.

The Prime Minister has opened his campaign with a whirlwind tour of Western Ontario, so planned as to give as many voters as possible an opportunity for personal contact with his pleasing personality, which is an invaluable offset to his deficiencies as a political orator; and almost every Liberal nominating convention is graced by the presence of a Minister, who tells the tale of the glories of the long régime of Liberalism and its manifold blessings for the Canadian people. By far the most exuberant and reckless of these eminent storytellers is Mr. Howe, the administrative genius of the Cabinet.

It is in his latest claims about the merits and fruits of Liberal trade policies that Mr. Howe has established for himself a new record in extravagant optimism. At Warkworth, on June 17, he boasted that 1952 had seen the value of Canada's foreign trade expand to the record high figure of $4000 million, but he was iudiciously silent about the trade statistics for the first four months of 1953. Our economic annals show clearly that export trade has always been a governing factor in our national prosperity. Now, the trade data show that in the 4-month period ending April 30, our exports fell in value to $1,218.7 million as compared with $1,354 million in the same period of 1952, and, since our imports rose in value to $1,391.4 million as compared with $1,240.1 million, the favorable trade balance of $113.9 million recorded for this period of 1952 has vanished and been replaced by an adverse balance of $172.7 million.

Then, on the following day at Simcoe in Norfolk County, he traded shamelessly upon the ignorance or credulity of his audience, when, recalling his recent "mission of goodwill" to the Latin American countries, he declared that he had returned "with the belief that Canada's trade with Latin America could hit the $1,000 million mark within four years as compared to $560 million in 1952." But, instead of there being any signs of headway towards this goal, cold statistics, published under the authority of Mr. Howe himself, reveal that in the first 4 months of 1953 the value of our exports to Latin-America shrank by roughly 40 per cent to a value of $64.2 million as compared with $105.2 million in the same period of 1952. With Brazil and Argentina, the two most important of the Latin-American countries, busily enlarging their industrial structures, and Germany and Japan, each with much lower costs of production than ours, making vigorous drives for Latin American trade, an expansion of our trade with this region to $1,000 million in four years is simply a vain dream.

A special interest always attaches to the fate of Ministers in a general election and our political records show that, whenever it has resulted in the defeat of the party in power, several members of the Cabinet usually bite the dust. In the election of 1925, which was a sort of drawn battle but a serious setback for the Liberals, Mackenzie King and six of his Ministers lost their seats. But today, Mr. St. Laurent, Mr. Howe and most of their colleagues hold reasonably safe seats and should be able to beat off any attack. The Minister in most serious danger is Mr. Gardiner, the Minister of Agriculture, who has to defend his old seat in Saskatchewan. In 1949, he just scraped through to victory by a very narrow margin over a feminine opponent, but in this election he has a much more formidable antagonist in Percy Wright.

The constituency of Melfort, which Mr. Wright represented for a good many years, was wiped out by the last redistribution bill; he has now decided to beard Mr. Gardiner in the Minister's own den.

He is a prosperous farmer, who is fortunately in a position to be able to leave the management of his farm to his sons and to devote his energies to politics. He has become a very competent parliamentarian, who has been the most authoritative spokesman of the CCF upon agricultural problems. His assiduous championship of the interests of the farmers of Saskatchewan has won their widespread confidence in his integrity and ability. With them, it will be a mark in his favor that in the last season Mr. Howe threatened him with prosecution because he had suggested that a member of the Grain Commission, on account of former business associations, was not a consistent guardian of the graingrowers' interests.

So Mr. Gardiner could not have a more dangerous opponent than Mr. Wright, who is by this time a very experienced campaigner. For his campaign the latter has a good store of deadly ammunition. The handling of the outbreak of foot and mouth disease in 1952, which dealt a severe blow to the livestock industry, has not been forgotten in Saskatchewan, and Mr. Wright will be able to exploit the mounting dissatisfaction among the farmers with the fruits of the Government's policies on wheat marketing. He can be expected to argue with great force that, if Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Howe had not elected at the recent international wheat conference to march in step with the United States delegates in a demand for a price for wheat which the British refused to pay, Canada could have had Britain committed for several years to an agreement which would have assured the western farmers better prices than they now are likely to receive.

Capital Press

DOUGLAS ABBOTT: A harder row to hoe.

The drastic slump which has befallen wheat prices in the Chicago market has proved the shrewd foresight of the British negotiators, and the graingrowers' natural discontent with the prospect of much lower returns for their labors will demand masterly skill and the art of appeasement on the part of Mr. Gardiner. He will also have to explain why the Government has backed away from support of the irrigation project in central Saskatchewan, to whose completion he was definitely pledged; and he will have to reckon with the hostility of the provincial machine of Premier Douglas.

MR. ABBOTT and Mr. Claxton will both be hard pressed in their seats in Montreal. The latter has the better chance of survival, as he can rely upon most of the substantial French-Canadian vote in his constituency. Mr. Abbott has a harder row to hoe; few of his constituents are French-Canadians and his seat was long counted a safe stronghold of Toryism. Indeed, his retention of it in so many elections is a tribute to his popularity and electioneering skill, but he has been fortunate in having had comparatively weak opponents in earlier contests.

Considering the setback which the provincial Liberal party has suffered in British Columbia, the outlook for Mr. Campney in his seat in Vancouver is dubious.

There are similar doubts about the ability of Milton Gregg, VC, to hold his seat in New Brunswick. He has been a good Minister of Labor and can count upon the support of most of the war veterans. But his seat embraces Fredericton, the capital of the province, where the ruling provincial Ministry has always considerable influence, and instead of the friendly support of the defunct McNair Ministry, Mr. Gregg will be faced with the antagonism of the new Conservative Ministry of Mr. Flemming.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

Foreign Affairs

High Pressure in the Soviet Boiler

A FIERCE JOY filled all those who have never ceased to believe that the force of freedom was more powerful than any H-Bomb, and who have scorned a "negotiated settlement" which would confirm the Communist conquests, as they heard of the widespread workers' riots in Czechoslovakia and East Germany.

The preceding weeks had been the most dispiriting since the winter of 1946-47, when Communism seemed on the way to win Western as well as Eastern Europe, through Popular Front regimes, economic chaos and our disarmament. All the worst fears of what a really convincing Soviet "peace offensive" could do to send us on our separate, selfish ways were being borne out. Indeed, the effect was so remarkable that it seemed as if the Soviets had set out to apply the old Aesopian fable of the contest between the sun and the north wind. The protective coat which we had pulled more and more tightly about ourselves under the blasts of Stalin's ill will, we were beginning to shed under the warmth of the Soviet smile.

Was there no answer to this subtle kind of attack? It was like a nerve gas, which sapped the Western will to sacrifice, to unite, to resist. Within a few weeks the European Defence Community was as good as abandoned, the Schumans, Adenauers and de Gasperis who had pressed for West European unity were considered to be on the skids, NATO's plans were cut and American aid to Europe slashed. A visitor from Mars might have thought that Britain and the United States were enemies in the Korean War instead of allies.

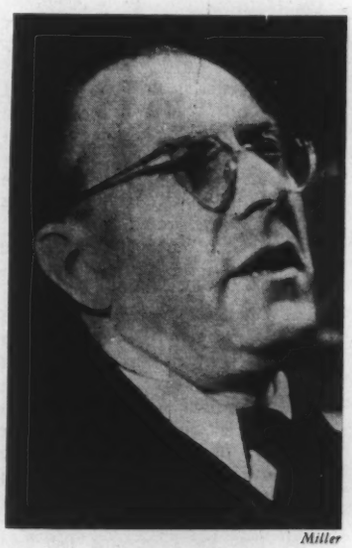
To achieve all this, it seemed as though the Soviets had only had to release a few individuals from captivity, write a few moderate editorials in *Pravda*, lift inter-zonal barriers in Austria which could as quickly be lowered again, repeal a few decrees in East Germany which could in their turn be reissued, yield a claim against the Turks which could be taken up again at any time, agree to a truce in Korea which could be broken at any time.

The goal was plain enough: Moscow aimed to forestall the ratification of both the European Army Pact and the Balkan Pact, and the ultimate attachment to NATO of West Germany and Yugoslavia—in short, to disrupt our whole defence plan for Europe. Many Western observers pointed this out. But our public response was one of confusion and bickering.

Then, at long last, came the lightning flashes from Pilsen and Berlin which revealed that the Law of Compensation still applies, that the Soviets couldn't do all this to us at no cost to themselves. To let up the pressure on us, they had also to let up the pressure on their own people and the satellites. For these, a little freedom proved to be a heady wine. How heady, the Soviets probably could not conceive, as we can sense from their handling of the Berlin affair, the first such popular revolt they have had to deal with since Kronstadt, 30 years ago.

When, under orders from the Kremlin, the East German regime came out overnight for respect for the rights of the individual, the workers of East Berlin launched a protest march against the speed-up in industry. The East German party officials, insofar as they were genuine Communists, just didn't know what to do under the new rules. Since they knew the game was to make a big play to the West Germans for unification of the zones, they hesitated to spoil it by the old methods of repression, with the whole world watching through the show-window of Berlin. So they let the march proceed, even cleared the streets for it, and with a flourish made the concession the men demanded.

The outcome of this was that next day many more came out into the streets, the marchers became a mob shouting for freedom, the German police were apparently so much in sympathy with the crowd that they failed to act decisively, and Russian tanks had to be brought in. It was the same in a dozen other East German cities. In Pilsen, Czechoslovakia, where there were no Russian occupation troops, the mob apparently remained in control of the city for four or five days, until reliable troops could be brought in. There, too, the local police quite evidently kept their guns in their holsters.



Miller

"PREMIER" GROTEWOHL: to be consigned to the dustbin of history?

The significance of these outbreaks is, firstly, that relaxing the international pressure can prove even more dangerous to the enemy than to us, because so many desires and hatreds have been suppressed on his side for so long. Secondly, the outbreaks are by workers, the favored group in the "new" Soviet society. That they should go into the streets and pull down the symbols of their "own" regime, and be suppressed by Soviet troops, is reported from many free European centres as a body-blow to local Communism. In Italy, the anti-Communists only bemoan that it didn't happen *before* their recent election.

The third point is that the whole basis for an early four-power conference on a German settlement has been altered. Where we were too confused and divided to sit down with the Soviets on this vital question, now they will probably feel their position too much weakened to ask for an early conference.

THE HISTORIC events of June 16-17 have shown that the East Germans indeed want the unification of their country. But they have exposed as an empty sham the pretensions of the East German "People's Democratic" Government to lead the way towards this goal, and the uselessness of this regime as a vehicle of Soviet policy in Germany.

For the time being, the Soviets have had no recourse but to suppress severely a population which was throwing stones at Red Army tanks, burning the Red flag and crying "Ivan Go Home!" Soon, however, they will have to make new political decisions; and while it would be in their style to throw over the Pieck-Grotewohl regime and blame all of the trouble on it, they would then have to find a new regime. Would they dare, in view of the present temper of their East German subjects, barefacedly to name a new "National Front Government" and rig a 99 per cent *Ja* "election" for it?

The workers who have rejected one such government and have carried on a zone-wide general strike for a week, must be expected to abstain from voting and turn such an election into a farce. If the Soviets, on the other hand, revived the terror sufficiently to get out the vote, they would lose their appeal to the other Germany. Any way one looks at it, Soviet policy has suffered such an open defeat that one can only call it the Second Battle of Berlin.

Not only is there the effect on the Germans. There is the new appreciation of the possibility of the liberation of the East European satellite peoples which these events will give to Western Europeans and others who have become used to saying that it cannot be done without war. For Czechoslovakia, liberation has been shown to be distinctly possible, even certain, once we have restored such a balance of power in Europe that the Soviets will not care to send the Red Army back in. The vital fact here is that Czechoslovakia is one of the three satellites *not* occupied by the Red Army, the others being Bulgaria and Albania. The latter can be freed the day Greece, Yugoslavia and Italy can declare a common policy respecting her integrity and independence.

Most intriguing consideration of all is the extent to which the relaxation of pressure in East Germany reflects the policy of the new Soviet leaders at home. There, the rights of the citizen have been stressed over and over since Stalin died, and the "doctors' plot" was exposed as a frame-up. An amnesty has been proclaimed for many prisoners, and there has been

Miller

"PRESIDENT" PIECK: he gave his name to the "Pieck Republic."

a promise by Beria that the laws that sent them to slave labor will be moderated. Union officials, who for 20 years have served almost exclusively as agents for squeezing more work out of the workers, are now exhorted to care for the rights and welfare of their charges. And there has been constant propaganda promising more consumer goods.

As on the individual plane, so on the national. The top party official in the Ukraine, a Russian, has been kicked out and publicly castigated for "Russifying" the administration of the Ukraine, and its universities. A once-prominent Ukrainian writer purged by Stalin 15 years ago as a "bourgeois nationalist" has been rehabilitated and honored. And the same process appears to be going on in other, smaller Soviet republics.

THERE IS no justification for assuming that all of the Soviet leaders but Stalin were really humanitarian at heart, and are now applying their beliefs. Rather, this is in the rhythm of Russian history; each Tsar began by relaxing the iron tyranny of his predecessor and ended by establishing his own despotism. It indicates that the kind of pressure which we saw released in Berlin exists throughout the Soviet Empire in varying degrees, and that the new masters in the Kremlin recognize it.

If the Red Directorate feels it must make concessions to Ukrainian and Baltic and Turkmenian nationalism at this time, it is not going to be so ready to risk world war in pursuing its schemes. Let *our* leaders recognize *that*, if we are to dicker with the Soviets.

WILLSON WOODSIDE

Letter from New York

Kadoka and the Coronation

I SPENT the day of the Coronation in Kadoka, South Dakota, and I found it to be illuminating to be there at that time. The local joke about Kadoka is about the two men from the town who tried to explain where it was to a policeman in Chicago by saying that it was about fifty miles west of Murdo, and it is difficult to do much better than that. On the flat grass uplands between the Missouri and the Black Hills any other than the local landmarks are pretty meaningless, and the local landmarks mean nothing much to outsiders.

The four sides of the square which has Kadoka, Murdo, Mission and Patricia at the corners, enclose two thousand five hundred square miles, in which complete lives can easily and happily be spent without ever touching a reference point which would mean anything to anybody outside of the southern part of South Dakota. It is about a thousand miles from the Pacific and about two thousand miles from the Atlantic.

I had gathered from *Life* and the New York papers that everybody in the United States was interested in the Coronation, and sympathetic to the newly crowned Queen, but in Kadoka I found that they weren't, and I could see why. The Indians who strolled in the streets in the evening just didn't care, and the children of the Poles, Czechs and Germans who had farmed the place for the last fifty or sixty years cared just about as much. The local papers told them in a half column or so that the Queen was being crowned, and that was that; then they went on to talk about the local marriages, auto accidents, and so on.

It was very much the same at Cody, in Wyoming, the next day. The people were interested in Korea, and in the floods up around Missoula and Butte in Montana, much more than they were in Elizabeth II.

It was only three or four days later, when the national papers began to arrive, that I got back the old feeling that Americans were interested in the Royal family. They almost persuaded me, but not quite: the people I had been among for the past four or five days had simply not been concerned any more than they would have been if a new Emperor of Japan was being crowned. Something mysterious, with a flavor of pageantry, was happening a long way off, and they were a little curious to see the pictures. When they got to see them, the effect wasn't altogether fortunate. Most of the people I had been with were of central European, Slav or Germanic stock, and the ceremony stirred for them old memories of almost forgotten dislikes, of the crowned eagles of Germany, Austria, and Russia, with their greedy claws and rending beaks. The Coronation photographs confirmed them in their mistrust of the far-off, foreign world in which the old bad things still went on.

Diamonds glitter, fur looks expensive, and so does red velvet. White knee breeches and hats with tufts of feathers in them don't look like work clothes. The people in Kadoka work hard and they live plain hard lives, and they don't get to dress like that even if they are Shriners and go to conventions. They can see that the Coronation robes, and the clothes of the peers and peeresses, and all the regal gear and trapping cost a tremendous amount of money, more money than anybody in town has had or is likely to have at any time. And yet a lot of good Kadoka money is being soaked up in taxes just to be sent over to these same British, one way or another, on the ground they are so much worse off than Americans, and need help.

Reuterphoto

"THE PEOPLE in Kadoka work hard . . . and they don't get to dress like this, even if they are Shriners and go to conventions."

The pictures of the Coronation just didn't jibe with the arguments for Foreign Aid; people who were in desperate need of assistance from their neighbors didn't put on parties like that, or go out in clothes like that. If they could afford such things, the argument was inescapable: what did they want with the hard-earned pennies of the farmers in Kadoka? Leafing through *Life* in the lobby of the Pearl Hotel, Kadoka, with its second hand radio, old fashioned stove, and circle of men in blue jeans who had dropped in for a look at the book from New York, it occurred to me that there was more than a slight possibility that the enormous build-up of the Coronation may yet boomerang with a disastrous effect on British-American relations.

I once heard a distinguished and popular American newspaperman trying to explain what a Lord was to his son. "Well," he said, "a Lord is a man who owns a lot of land . . ." It was the simple Jeffersonian view of feudal Europe, with its Lords and Ladies living snugly in their castles at the expense of the poor, supporting the power of the Kings and Queens who lived even more snugly and even less justly at the top of the social tree. In the book of the American Revolution a King was a tyrant who lived on the fruit of other men's labors, and this doctrine is for better or worse part of American folk lore.

The Coronation pageantry proved once again, so far as Kadoka was concerned, that Britain is anything but a Democracy. It put more force than ever into the question, "What have we got to do with these people?" It's a question which is very hard to answer when you are actually in a place like Kadoka. A lot of the arguments which work all right in the shadow of the United Nations building in New York, beside a sea which laps European shores, fail to survive an inland trip of two thousand miles.

A few days after the Coronation Eisenhower was in the Black Hills of Dakota, among the trout streams. Since the incredible fishing performances put on in the course of humanizing Coolidge and Hoover by the pioneers of public relations back in the twenties, the press has been deeply suspicious of public fishermen and has given the subject the Mencken treatment.

The newsreels a month or so ago were full of shots of Eisenhower, with his brother Milton, parading a set of trout that looked as if they'd been matched for size as carefully as the pearls in a necklace. Eisenhower looked as uneasy about the whole thing as he did when he was given an honorary degree by a university the other day, and some of us suspected that the handsome fish had come out of the water by arrangement to prove something or other about the President's standing as a regular guy. In the Black Hills, the General removed all these ignoble suspicions by going to work at the request of the press in some manifestly unprepared water and catching his fish publicly and genuinely.

There is no doubt any more that he is a bona-fide fisherman. There is no doubt either that he is playing the political game just as well as it can be played. Since he came into office, his Administration has done less than almost any administration on record, and has broken every single promise made in the campaign. But the President is more popular than ever before, and there is no doubt that if things continue along their present line he will be re-elected by a landslide in 1956.

HIS VISIT to South Dakota was an unqualified success; so were his visits to Minnesota, New Hampshire and Long Island. The personal impression he makes seems to outweigh what happens or doesn't happen in Washington to an extraordinary extent, and his barnstorming campaign to get support for his administration against the increasingly hostile Congress is going astonishingly well.

It has to go well, and Eisenhower has to do it. None of his colleagues has the gift, some indeed have the reverse. Donald McKay, his Secretary of the Department of the Interior, was in Portland, Oregon, for the annual Parade of Roses a few days after Eisenhower was in the Black Hills. McKay was Grand Marshal of the Parade and rode horseback at the head of the procession, just as Hopalong Cassidy did when he was Grand Marshal. He looked well pleased with himself, in spite of the drenching rain, because he had already done a good deal to break up the publicly-owned power and light network which had been built up in the North-West under Roosevelt and Truman, and turned a good deal of its productive capacity over to private enterprise. Unfortunately, five of the major private companies who have established new industries in Washington and Oregon lately have just announced that they can only operate with the cheap and efficient public power supply they've been getting. They can't afford private enterprise power, and they've warned the people of the two states that McKay is imperilling the whole pattern of North-Western development.

McKay seemed to find it hard to understand why he wasn't getting as good a hand as Hopalong when he went prancing through Portland. McKay, who was on very good terms with the Weyerhausers, the Crown Zellerbach firm, and other big timber interests which are working hard to get at the timber in the Olympic National Park in Washington, was an odd choice for the Department of the Interior, which handles conservation.

And at a time when free trade between the free nations is almost the only hope of avoiding a disaster which will make 1929 seem trivial, the President has appointed one high tariff man after another to his cabinet and his administration. A good deal of that kind of thing in the record makes it very necessary for Eisenhower to remain popular. But so far the effect of his smile, and the honest ordinariness of his appearance, which is that of a nice fellow from Kansas who hasn't got a mite too big for his britches since he went to Washington, still counts for a great deal more than the record in Kadoka and most other places in America. The thing that Easterners and Europeans like least in him is, politically, his saving grace.

ANTHONY WEST

Music

Jazz and Race-Consciousness

SOME YEARS AGO, Bernard Wolfe wrote, as a ghost, the autobiography of Mezz Mezzrow, the hot clarinet player. This book, *Really the Blues*, has now been reprinted by the Dell Book Company in a paper-backed edition. I have recently been reading it, and I commend it to the attention not only of jazz enthusiasts, who will know that Mezz Mezzrow is regarded as one of the great old-timers, but also of people (like myself), who do not like jazz and find it very difficult to understand.

I must explain that, in this connection, popular music is scornfully distinguished from jazz. Popular music has all sorts of impure outside influences (even Stravinsky, Ravel, Debussy and so forth). Jazz, in its pure form, is a musical expression of the collective enthusiasm of the performers; and the language in which it expresses this enthusiasm is a negro language. This point is made over and over again by Mezzrow, who was a white man. I say "was", although he is still alive, because he has decided to pass as a negro.

At one point, he says to a friend, "Dave, you know all the music we care anything about comes from the negro, and if you want to dig our music, you got to dig the guys who made it up. You can't get to know what a people are like, can you, unless you really learn and know their language?" In this Mezzrow was perfectly right; and I think he was also perfectly right in describing himself as a negro when he had so absorbed negro culture that he knew that he felt and thought as a negro, let alone played negro music.

Nothing is more strong in this book than its powerful feeling of race-consciousness. Mezzrow speaks angrily of race prejudice; but he almost never mentions white music or white culture, except in a gloomy, bitter way. The effect is to give the impression of special pleading. Mezzrow himself, for instance, made most of his living "pushing reefers"—selling marijuana cigarettes. It is quite true that it is not the fault of the coloured slums that they must escape from their dreadful reality through narcotics, but it is not very useful to praise even this part of their culture. However, there is no doubt that the man who can provide such an escape must be much sought after, just as the escape merchants of *our* part of society are much in demand.

Mezzrow provided this escape in two ways. First, he supplied reefers. Second, he supplied music. Music, like all art, is of two main kinds; that of experience, and that of escape. Mezzrow feels that jazz gives many suffering people a deeper insight into their sorrows and joys, and is therefore music of experience. But his descriptions of the way jazz is put together, and is received, suggest that it is music of escape. There is nothing wrong with this, of course; only we must try to call things by their right names.

It is quite true that jazz is not music, but a way of life. It is the way of life of initiates; it forms a brotherhood, from which certain people are excluded. For Mezzrow, these people are largely white; or as the jazz language puts it "ofay", which is pig-Latin for "foe." The language of jazz and the experience of jazz music, from this point of view, form the cloak of invisibility of a suffering and submerged minority. Both protect it from the intrusion of outsiders, who may well be hostile. The speech is changed, as soon as it becomes generally understood. And the music itself is another form of this speech.

TO THE MAKERS of the music are the performers themselves. Mezzrow says, speaking of improvising, after playing a written arrangement, "What a difference there was playing this way, instead of crawling across a line of man-made fly-specks." *Man-made* is the revealing word. The art of the jazz musician, jamming with his colleagues, is not thought to be man-made. It is enthusiasm; possession by the Dionysiac frenzy. The musical experience must be immediate, or it is false. The jam-session is not primarily for the audience; it is for the performers themselves. First of all, it is their own escape from reality; their own deliverance from bondage; their own outpouring of emotion. This state of peculiar excitement seems to be easier to attain under the influence of marijuana. I do not know whether musicians under the drug really play better, or only feel they do. But from their point of view, it is what they feel that is important.

The experience of the audience is also immediate and violent, and flows directly from the direct experience of the musicians. Some of the favorite devices of jazz are deliberately hypnotic in effect; others deliberately induce an overwhelming sense of animal rhythm. In its most extreme form, jazz can be simultaneously substituting for sex, religion, self-respect and security. No wonder the true enthusiast is contemptuous of those who wish to criticize his mighty experience as if it were merely a matter of musical values.

None the less, the musical values are there; some are good, some are bad. The classical musician observes that the form is almost always Theme and Variations; and that these variations are usually distinguished by great variety in detail and special effect, and by great monotony in overall structure. The structure of jazz music is not to bring about a large design, but rather to afford opportunities for ornamental flourishes, and brilliant and expressive passage from individual performers. The emphasis is always on the immediate value. What does it matter that the basic structure may be an incessantly repeated harmonic pattern of great simplicity? We do not want to waste our emotions wondering about the future, or remembering the past. We are living in these few seconds now.

Great jazz is nothing but a string of great moments, and each adds to the physical and spiritual exaltation of the adept: . . . ". . . a celebration of life, of breathing, of muscle-flexing, of eye-blinking, of licking the chops, in spite of everything the world might do to you. It was a defiance of the undertaker. It was a refusal to go under, a stubborn hanging on, a shout of praise to the circulatory system, hosannas for the sweat-glands, hymns to the guts that ache when they're hollow. Glory be, brother! Hallelujah, the sun's shining! Praise be the almighty pulse!"

It is magnificent, but is it art? Why not? The music of escape must find its place no less than the music of experience. But at the back of Mezzrow's very interesting book, there is a misconception. The music of experience, other than his own, he feels to be meaningless. It is not the music of *his* experience. He does not wish to add to his experience, by learning to participate in Beethoven's.

But the music of escape which is truly his own, he feels must necessarily be every man's. There are as many different kinds of escape as there are of experience; indeed, there are many more, for the mystics assure us that truth is but single. It is not wise for the jazz man to urge his escape above all others. It may be that his road leads from a place we do not wish to leave. If he offers us his experience, that is something else again.

I DO NOT myself like jazz. I am so accustomed to listen for the overall effect, that I hear little besides monotony and noise. But it is clear that jazz must be taken seriously, as the musical expression of a certain attitude and a certain culture. Although *Really the Blues* is drawn in theatrical terms, in crude black-versus-white, I found it fascinating reading, and perhaps the grain of salt adds savour to the feast. I did not finish it with the desire to hear more jazz; but I did finish it with the desire to be more tolerant towards jazz and its practitioners. I wish them all heartily well of it; provided I do not have to listen to it.

LISTER SINCLAIR

This Wicked World

IN OKLAHOMA CITY, crusading State Legislator Robert O. Cunningham accompanied police on a vice raid, put a nickel in a slot machine. Out clinked 148 nickels. Cunningham pocketed the take and explained: "It was my nickel".

An irate Timmins, Ont., husband called the police and complained that his wife had run off with another man, taking with her two puppies and a radio. The husband didn't mind his wife skipping out, officers said, but wanted to get the dogs and radio back.

When William Hartman waded to shore after a plunge in the Connecticut River, he explained to the police he jumped in the river because "mermaids called me." "Gosh, they were beautiful," he said, but admitted he could not find them once in the water.

Policeman Henry Malvezzi looked over his shoulder as he moved along a line of cars he was tagging in Bristol, Conn. Behind him strolled Walter Hayden tearing up the tickets. Arrested, Hayden said the cars belonged to friends and he didn't want to see them tagged.

A thief took a radio and portable sewing machine from an apartment in Oklahoma City. A thread dropped from the machine. Police followed the trail and found a man sleeping in a nearby garden, beside the missing property.

A game warden in Taupo, New Zealand, spotted three men fishing at an illegal hour, and when they fled, began winding in one of their lines. One of the fishermen was at the end of the line, his clothing tangled in the hook.

The Game and Fish Commission at Jackson, Miss., released a report "which will shame every fisherman". The report stated that "90 per cent of Mississippi's fish are dying of old age".

Charged with stealing a sleeping friend's shoes and tie, Earl Whitt told a Louisville, Ky., judge he did it because the friend "looked uncomfortable". Whitt was wearing the shoes and tie when arrested.

A disgruntled car thief called Sacramento, Cal., police to tell them where he had abandoned a car taken the previous day. He added: "Tell the owner, thanks, but the car's in lousy shape."

Lucille Powers told Stamford, Conn., police she turned in a false fire alarm so she could get home. Asked where she lived, she replied, "Los Angeles".

At a Culver City, Cal., stock car race, Fred Peebles came in third, won $40. Then he was put in jail on suspicion of stealing the car he had driven in the race.

Sports

McCullagh, The Sporting Man

ALMOST A YEAR has passed since George McCullagh died. Vividly, I remember the night that he died and I remember the afternoon that they buried him. I stayed away from the funeral and, just about the time that they were lowering him into his grave, an old prize-fighter friend of mine joined me in a cabin-trailer at Thorncliffe race track and we pulled out a bottle and drank a silent toast to him. We had more than one drink because you don't bid farewell quickly to a man like George McCullagh. He would have had a sardonic chuckle out of the fact that we were toasting him in the stuff which he had forbidden himself in the latter years of his tragically short life.

Some day, presumably, some one will get around to writing a book about George McCullagh. Actually, the book should be the work of six or seven writers because there were six or seven distinct facets to his character. Much was written of him in the few hours after he died—written by those who loved him and those who hated him and those who simply wished to get on the bandwagon. It was impossible, in the hours immediately after death, for any one who knew him to be dispassionate in an estimate of McCullagh.

Through the power of his own character and personality, George McCullagh moulded that improbable amalgam, the *Globe and Mail*, into a great newspaper.

I started out to tell you about McCullagh, The Sporting Man. McCullagh knew that the sports pages could be the show-case of a financially successful morning newspaper. Although he felt, without evident justification, that he controlled the future of Canada through his editorial page columns, his other consuming interest was the sports pages.

The *Globe and Mail* with his approval—nay, on his order—devoted nearly twice as much space as any other Canadian paper to the coverage of sports. Those pages were read throughout Canada and even in the United States. There was one Winnipegger who paid to have the *Globe and Mail* sent to him special delivery airmail to California during the winter months.

The *Globe and Mail* was built on intense personal loyalty. McCullagh could charm a snake out of a tree. Every man who worked for George McCullagh has his own personal interpretation of him, but, the fact remains that this arrogant, egotistical and, paradoxically, thoroughly charming man inspired a tremendous flow of real affection from those who worked for him.

One woman, meeting him for the first time, listened to him for a few minutes and then observed aloud: "Who does he think he is? God?" As a matter of fact, some of the more irreverent among us referred to him privately as "God." Among ourselves we laughed about his imperial edicts but the laughter was not unkind. When he made his abortive attempt to have George Drew elected Prime Minister of Canada, a man who revered him sincerely observed sadly: "If George had another week for his editorials, the Conservatives wouldn't have elected a single member." However, if anyone outside the office made a snide remark about McCullagh, he was an even-money bet to receive a mouthful of knuckles.

I have waited a year to write this piece about George McCullagh. This is only a small personalized snapshot of one of the most remarkable Canadians of our time. I can't write about what he told Winston Churchill or Anthony Eden but, a year after he is gone, I still can't walk into the *Globe and Mail* building without expecting to see him sauntering confidently across the newsroom, wearing that cocky, lop-sided smile.

It was something like that, the first night I met him. I had been with the *Globe and Mail* for a few weeks and Peter McRitchie, the news editor, had assigned me to write a story about the shortage of domestic servants. My investigation revealed that there wasn't merely a shortage of domestics — domestics were as scarce as hens' teeth. Accordingly I wrote a story, advising all employers immediately to raise the salaries of their domestics. Additionally, I advised them to give them at least three nights off each week and to provide them with automobiles for their own use.

The night after the story was published, I was walking towards my desk, from the elevator, when a scowling, handsomely-dressed young man blocked my path. "Are you Coleman?" he demanded, in that delightfully rasping tone I afterwards came to know so well.

"Yup," I replied, because when one is young and a boomer and has $100 in the bank one hasn't too much time for ceremony.

"If," he said, shaking a finger under my nose, "you ever write another story like that, I'll punch you on the chin. Two of my housemaids have given me notice."

Looking back on it now, I must have realized that he was McCullagh and, because there was nothing else to do, I just grinned at him and walked on. I remember that he grinned back and ran his hand through his hair as he shook his head. It was a couple of months later that he called me into his office and, once again, running his hand through his hair and shaking his head, he told me that he wanted me to write a sports column. "I'm doing this against my better judgment," he told me as he dismissed me, after having added a surprising chunk to my salary.

Working for McCullagh's sports department was a disquieting assignment. He was passionately interested in horse-racing, hockey, football and baseball. He was the best reader of his own sports pages. He was a grandstand manager, a grandstand coach and, in the realm of racing, an outstanding second-guesser. He was likely to storm into the office, demanding to know why his reporters hadn't criticized the strategy of the Toronto Maple Leafs in the previous night's hockey game. He was salty in his criticisms of wealthy horse-owners who took their horses to the United

The late GEORGE McCULLAGH: A sardonic chuckle.

States to train them for The King's Plate when less affluent owners were forced to train their horses in snow-bound Canada.

I had been writing the sports column for a couple of months and I felt that I had been doing a fairly workmanlike job, when he leaned over my shoulder as I was working at the typewriter one night. "How much am I paying you for writing this stuff, Coleman?" he asked in a voice that could have been heard in Oshawa.

Pleased by his interest and the obvious interest of my confreres, I told him.

"Migawd," said the stricken publisher, clapping a hand to his brow, "I'm going out to have my head read."

Only twice in the years that I worked for him did George McCullagh ever attempt to tell me what I should write in my column. He gave his columnists absolute freedom of opinion. I remember only one of his orders, which was a request rather than an order. It was a letter concerning breeding which had been written to him by the late W. H. Wright, who bought the *Globe* and the *Mail and Empire* for him. McCullagh's note, which I have preserved, read: "It would be nice if you stirred your massive brain to write a few lines about this letter since Mr. Wright only happens to be the owner of this paper."

There were countless other illuminating anecdotes concerning the man, but this space is too limited to record them. There was the time when something I wrote caused his paper to be sued for $100,000. I 'phoned him at Chicago and, instead of receiving a rebuke, I heard him say: "Tell the sons to go ahead and sue."

It was characteristic of George McCullagh's luck that he should have won The King's Plate in the only year when His Majesty, The King, was here to present his Fifty Guineas. He was roundly criticized because he was dressed in a business suit rather than the traditional grey topper and tail-coat. The truth of it is that he would have appeared singularly incongruous if that slender frame and lop-sided grin were topped by a grey top-hat.

There was the time when his Speedy Irish and E. P. Taylor's Epic were co-favorites to win The King's Plate. I had a cheap little mare named Grandehem entered in the race, and, as luck would have it, I drew a position in the starting gate while Epic drew Number Thirteen, which meant that he would have to start from outside the gate. Speedy Irish, meanwhile, had drawn Number Two and Epic, because he was a green horse, would be at a decided disadvantage if he didn't have a starting stall. If I scratched Grandehem, Epic would have a much better chance of winning the race.

I knew in my heart that the filly didn't have a chance, but I was under moral and financial obligation to a friend of mine to start her. Eventually, as I lay sleepless the night before the race, I determined that I would start her if it rained because she could run on a muddy track.

Well, it didn't rain and I scratched her just a few hours before the field went to the post. Epic broke well from his stall in the gate and won with Speedy Irish finishing second. I walked out of the track as the horses went under the wire because I knew how intensely George McCullagh had wanted to win that race.

It was two nights later that George McCullagh came into my small office. He was scowling, and then his face broke into that grin that I'll always remember. He cuffed me gently over the head and said: "You little so-and-so—you did the right thing."

I keep telling myself that the beginning of the end for George McCullagh was the day that he bought *The Telegram*. Suddenly, the zest for the game was taken out of those who had ground their brains to powder for him on the *Globe and Mail*. After three years of attempting to put things into their proper perspective. I'm sure that's what happened to me.

JIM COLEMAN

•

Today's first question describes a symptom which is unusual: When I walk around a block my hips ache. I rest and in a minute the pair disappears, but reoccurs in another block. What could cause this?—*From a medical column in the Toronto Telegram.*

Split personality?

Books

But Are They All Horrid?

THREE BOOKS have come to hand, one of which contains a selection of ghost stories written within the present century, while the other two are compilations of what is now called "science fiction." They are interesting in themselves, but as I read them something stirred in my memory, and I hunted up this passage in *Northanger Abbey;* Isabella Thorpe and Catherine Morland are speaking:

"When you have finished *Udolpho,* we will read the Italian together; and I have made out a list of ten or twelve of the same kind for you."

"Have you indeed! How glad I am!—What are they all?"

"I will read you their names directly; here they are in my pocket-book: *Castle of Wolfenbach, Clermont, Mysterious Warnings, Necromancer of the Black Forest, Midnight Bell, Orphan of the Rhine* and *Horrid Mysteries.* Those will last us some time."

"Yes, pretty well; but are they all horrid, are you sure they are all horrid?"

"Yes, quite sure."

Professors of literature tell us that the Romantic Movement ran its course half a century or more ago, but there is still a large public for tales of the supernatural, and their readers still beg to be assured that they are all horrid, just as they did in Jane Austen's time.

Nothing would give me keener pleasure than to be able to tell the reader that all, or even one, of these books was horrid — that I read with my eyes starting from my head, my heart pounding in my breast, and my hair standing upright from my scalp. But the truth must be told: no book has had that effect on me since I read Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein* when I was eleven. And *Frankenstein* can still cause me some mild discomfort, in spite of the abuse of that fantasy by Hollywood, and the confusion between Frankenstein himself and the creature he created which afflicts a large number of writers who have not read the book.

INDEED, it might be said that *Frankenstein,* published in 1818, is the begetter of the "science fiction" of today; the faith in "electricity" and "natural philosophy" which enabled Victor Frankenstein to make a human creature out of slaughterhouse waste is no sillier than the faith in interplanetary travel, time travel, and vague bugaboos described as The Thing or The Machine which makes "science fiction" acceptable to a large and romantic public. The superiority of the old book lies simply in the fact that Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, for all her faults of style, was a better writer than the science fictioneers of today. She could make us believe in her horror and tremble at it; none of the modern writers represented in the books under review can do that.

She achieves this effect, I believe, because she is sparing of her horrors. In *Frankenstein* there is one evil agent — the monster which Victor Frankenstein created in his study at the University of Ingolstadt—and he is set against a group of pleasant and even noble characters, in a world where order prevails and the laws of God and Nature are paramount. The horror of the monster is simply that he commits a couple of murders and indulges in some highly-colorful rhetoric—but he does these things in a world in which we have carefully been led to believe such conduct reprehensible; therefore we fear him. It is not the wide range of Mrs. Shelley's imagination, but the depth and firmness of it, which makes her story effective.

The writers of science fiction in the two volumes under review are much more imaginative than Mary Shelley but, partly through their own fault and partly because of the intellectual climate of our age, they are not so convincing as she. The Laws of Nature mean little to us today; we have seen them reversed (that is to say, we have discovered that we were wrong about them) in a score of instances. Tell us that the moon is made of green cheese and we shall not dare to laugh until a conference of famous scientists has thrashed the matter out. The science fictioneer who wants to seem truly scientific dares not express certainty about anything. And when there are no laws transgressed, and no inviolable truths to be violated, where's your horror to come from?

The same difficulty surrounds the Laws of God. The science fictioneers never mention God. C. S. Lewis does so, of course, in his excellent *Perelandra, Out of the Silent Planet* and *That Hideous Strength,* and these books bear something the same relation to ordinary science fiction that *Frankenstein* does. In spite of their wild improbabilities they carry conviction to the heart of the reader because they are written by a man who believes something and knows what it is. C. S. Lewis believes in God. Mrs. Shelley believed in an essentially decent and honorable world, which may be a part of the same thing. The science fictioneers appear to be afraid to believe in anything, for fear it may cramp their style. Can it be that they are really more cramped in the boundless but barren wastes of their own imagination?

Many of the stories I have read in these two books deal with the future or with life in worlds other than this. Almost without exception such life is conceived of as extremely disagreeable. A favorite device to ensure this disagreeable quality is the domination of a tyrannical, highly intelligent, cruelly logical government. And in passing it may be noted that science fiction is written for readers who are, upon the whole, of mediocre intelligence, and that for some reason people of mediocre intelligence conceive of superior intelligence as cruel, whereas it has shown itself, time and again, to be vastly more benevolent than their own. Obviously these writers, and the public for which they write, think of progress in science as being inevitably evil.

It is for the psychoanalysts to explain why this is so. Why do so many people imagine that technological advance must mean spiritual retrogression? Why, in these stories, is decency so often equated with stupidity or physical inferiority? This is something deeper than the familiar Mucker Pose — the notion that a Right Guy is always a little bit dumb. Is this a fictional appeal to a widespread castration complex — to the dreadful yet fascinating idea of a whole race reduced to impotence by the will of a superior power? These stories, the best from a vast accumulation published every year in this vein, and read by millions of people, reflect a widespread wistful, gutless pessimism — Joe Doakes' response to the scientific revolution of our day, acting upon the tattered fragments of romance which he has inherited from yesterday. This is the Fashionable Despair of the fashionable novelists, in terms of the thirty-five cent pulps.

AFTER science fiction, a book of ghost stories comes as a pleasant relief. Particularly is this so when, as in *The Supernatural Reader,* so many first-rate writers are represented — Richard Hughes, A. E. Coppard, H. F. Heard, John Collier and E. M. Forster, to name only a few. There are the others, of course, who seem to get into all these anthologies — 'Saki', Lord Dunsany, M. R. James and Ambrose Bierce; doubtless there are many people who like their ghost stories better than I.

The pleasant thing about ghost stories, as opposed to most science fiction, is that they may merely present a familiar thing from an unfamiliar angle. They do not bear that terrible weight of time-travel, space-travel, Monsters and Things which makes science fiction, except in very small doses, a pretentious bore. What is more, ghost story writing seems to attract more talented authors than

science fiction, and I have a prejudice in favor of authors who can really write.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that I recommend the book of ghost stories to you; it will be just the thing to read aloud at your summer cottage, when the light is dying over the lake. As for the two books of science fiction, your adolescent sons will like them, and if you take them in small doses you will find them effective pastimes for yourself. They are imaginative enough, but they have an oddly synthetic quality. They are like plastics of a rather poor kind. But the ghost stories are all wool and a yard wide.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

WORLDS OF TOMORROW—edited by August Derleth—pp. 351—*McLeod—$4.95.*

YEAR'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS—edited by Everett F. Bleiler and T. E. Dikty—pp. 315—*McLeod—$4.35.*

THE SUPERNATURAL READER—edited by Groff and Lucy Conklin—pp. 349—*Longmans, Green—$4.50.*

In Brief

EVOLUTION IN ACTION—by Julian Huxley—pp. 153, index and illustrations—*Clarke, Irwin—$2.25*

Not the least of Julian Huxley's distinctions as a biologist is his power to charm the general reader into enjoyment of a scientific book.

Dr. Huxley views human history as a general evolutionary process embracing time and the universe. The slow, amazing progress of this process leads him to define biological evolution as "the realization of possibilities." Man, the culmination of this evolutionary progress, is distinguished by his need to struggle for, as well as against something. Man's aspiration towards spiritual fulfilment will bring about the realization of new possibilities.

Here are factual descriptions more fantastic than the images of space-ship romance.

A YEAR OF SPACE—by Eric Linklater—pp. 273—*Macmillan—$4.00*

Eric Linklater travelled widely in 1951 — from Sweden to New Zealand by way of Korea, and home to England and Scotland through Australia and Ceylon — but his book about these travels does not penetrate very deeply. He describes it as "travelistic, essayistic, autobiographicalish." Mr. Linklater shares some uncommon experiences with his readers, but his well-written reflections are often disappointingly commonplace.

This book may suffer from regrets for the rich plums that Somerset Maugham could have pulled from such a pie, but there should be a stronger reason than compulsion to pay the taxes to justify autobiography, however purple the prose.

THE ENIGMA OF THOMAS WOLFE: Biographical and Critical Selections—Edited by Richard Walser—pp. 313—*Reginald Saunders—$6.25*

Readers who were impressionably young when *Look Homeward Angel* appeared, remember an impact of literary event almost as intense as that which had accompanied a first

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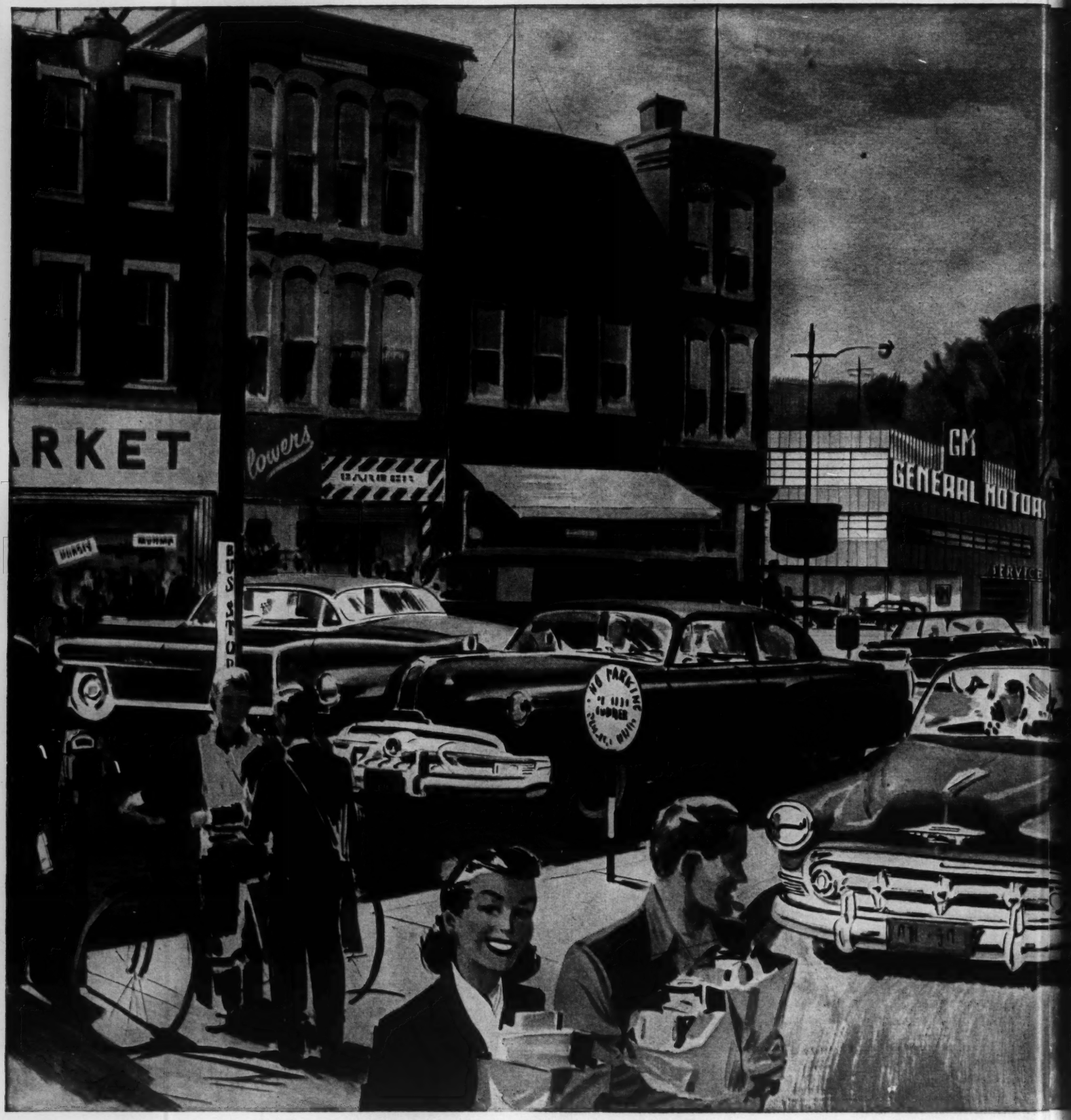

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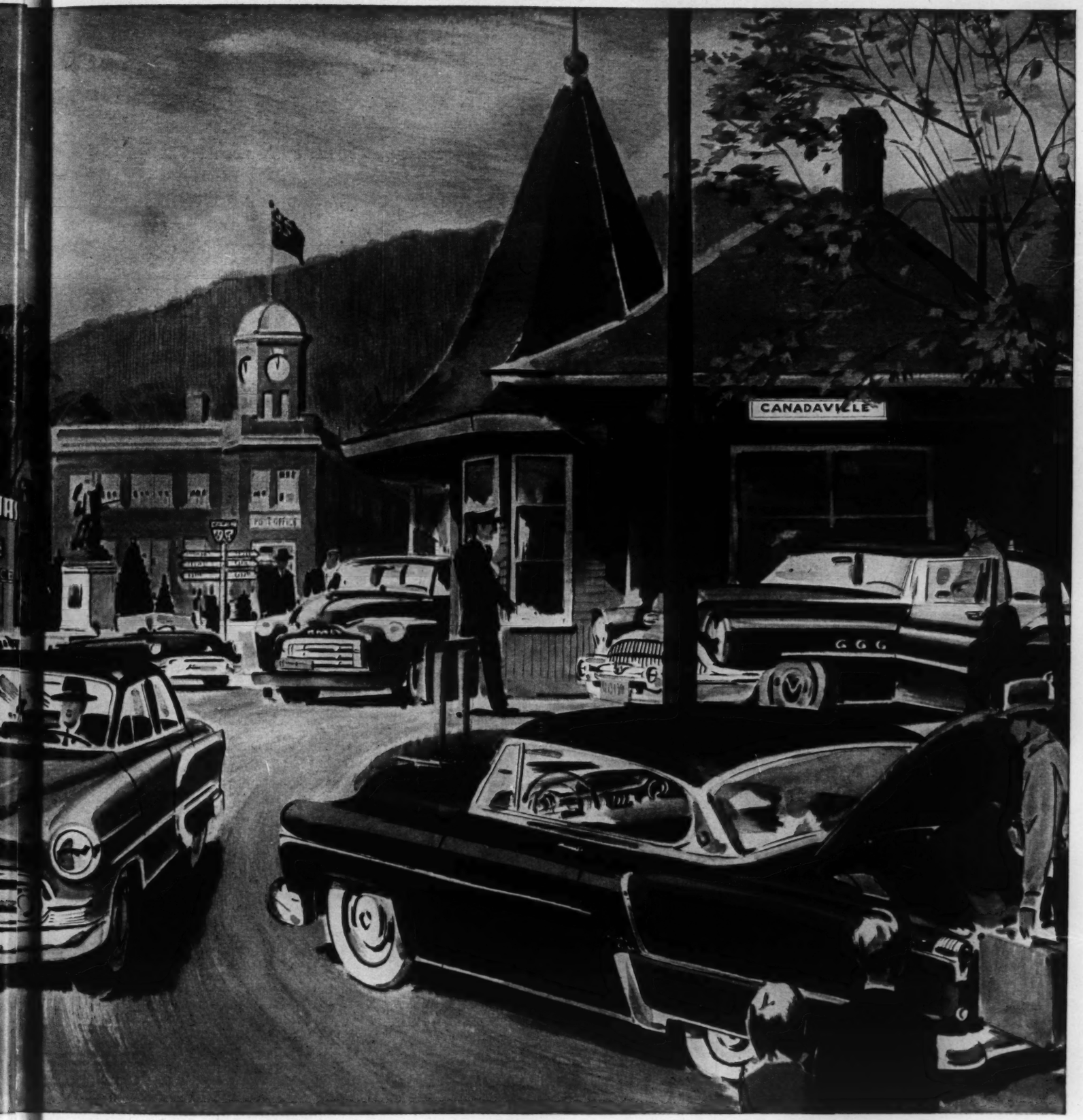

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

reading of *Ulysses*. Thomas Wolfe did not have long to consolidate his new literary position. This collection of essays about his life and his books is a recapitulation of his position before and after his death in 1938.

Part One, entitled "The Writer," is limited by the stature of the friends whose personal recollections of Wolfe are recorded, and by the stature of Wolfe himself measured against the gigantic rule of the Wolfe legend. Part Two, "The Books," and Part Three, "The Commentators," resolve into a symposium of critics, who bog down in their speculations on the autobiographical element in Wolfe's work, and scholars, who generally take the autobiography for granted and go on from there. If you admire Wolfe's work, you will feel that the critics make a poor showing. Wolfe's romantic realism does not require the detailed interpretation demanded by Joyce's intricate cerebration. The scholars do not have more chance to shine here than the critics, but they are more generous to genius.

A curious impression emerging from this book is that the critics could not bear to admit the essential truth of Wolfe's America. The scholars (among them the late E. K. Brown, who was still at the University of Toronto when his article was written) were more moderate and perceptive.

COUNTRY PARSON—by George W. Morrison, Edited and with an Introduction by William H. Cranston, frontispiece by Lucille Oille—pp. 140—*Ryerson*—$3.00

Twice while recounting his struggles with a balky car on bad winter roads in the Georgian Bay district, the late Reverend George Morrison reasonably suggested that the trial was greater for the minister who must silently repress his irritation. Other greater sources of irritation and many of deep satisfaction finally found expression in this book on the "problems and opportunities of the rural church."

The wisdom of experience is offered to graduates of Canadian theological colleges. Here, too, are illumination for city-dwellers on a way of life wholly different from theirs in pace and purpose, and a realism as concentrated as maple-syrup for readers who like to take their Canadian scene straight.

HENRY JAMES: The Untried Years: 1843-1870—by Leon Edel—pp. 336, illustrations, notes and index—*Longmans, Green*—$6.00

This account of the first twenty-seven years of Henry James's life places in truer perspective the mature artist. As good biographies do, it evokes the aura of a point of time forever vanished.

Those who find James novels missing the mark of greatness have accused him of turning his back on America and of looking at life through a window. Mr. Edel's account qualifies the first criticism considerably by showing how inevitably James's family background, wealth, and cosmopolitan culture made Henry the child grow into Henry the man. James's wrote of the America he knew, the America of Boston and Newport, the America of leisured wealth and culture which had one foot in Europe and its head in the clouds.

The second criticism is more difficult to qualify and Mr. Edel faces it squarely. Henry stood aside from the Civil War, and remained at home for some years past his first youth. His nearest approach to an emotional climax was a recurrent physical ailment probably of nervous origin. His artistic purpose was plainly the sole moving force in a life devoid of passion in the ordinary sense.

This biography is for people who enjoy reading James himself. It is a mass of minute details embroidered into an intricate pattern that shows the design when complete.

THE ANGRY ANGEL—by Lajos Zilahy—pp. 375—*McLeod*—$4.95

Strange, strange was that summer night,
An angry angel beat her drum in heaven . . .

The beat of the angry angel's drum heralded the beginning of the First World War, and the end of the Old Order in Hungary, for the noble Dukay family whose history is recalled in vistas of a thousand years, as for Mihály Ursi, a poor miner's son who marries Countess Zia Dukay. Mihály is a twentieth-century Don Quixote tilting at twentieth-century windmills.

Shifting from satire to symbolism, and from picaresque humor to tragedy, this novel conveys a vivid impression of the ways of peace and war in that nerve-centre of Europe where West meets East.

FATHER, GOD BLESS HIM—by E. A. Corbett, Illustrated by Robert Fairfield—pp. 76—*Ryerson*—$2.50

This father, a Presbyterian minister "down East" and "out West" over the turn of the century, had a wife and family almost worthy of him in vitality, personality, and enterprise.

This slight, amusing sketch recalls the enviable self-confidence of the Victorian family-man, Canadian style, already quite different from his overseas relatives and his American neighbors.

THE CROWN PRINCESS and other stories—by Brigid Brophy—pp. 252—*Collins*—$2.75

With the exception of a fantasy entitled *Late Afternoon of a Faun*, these stories show the immaturity sparked with cleverness that usually marks the work of the bright undergraduate. There is, as yet, neither wit of character nor character of style to relieve the tedium of these character-and-idea studies.

SILKY: An Incredible Tale—by Elizabeth Coatsworth, Illustrations by John Carroll—pp. 144—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.00

As the sub-title indicates, this author has a penchant for the obvious. The shallow symbolism and trite plot of this story, in spite of a few graces, place it in the type of fiction usually found in rich magazines devoted to the entertainment of enervated housewives.

M. A. H.

Business

Spreading the Risk for Small Investors

By W. P. SNEAD

ONE OF THE easier ways to start an argument in financial circles is to bring up the subject of investment trusts, or mutual funds, as they are better known. These funds come in about as many styles as automobiles. There are closed-end funds, open-end funds, balanced and leverage funds, and common stock funds —but so far no convertible ones.

Broadly speaking, they all attempt to give the investor with small capital, a means of diversifying, or spreading out, his investment and his risk over several companies. In effect, their shares represent a finely divided interest in the shares of all the companies in the Investment Trust's portfolio.

Investment companies were first started in Scotland, which is hardly a surprise considering the financial talents of that race, and the idea was imported by the Americans, who had a gay time with them in the roaring twenties. Trusts were piled on trusts with disregard for assets, and the shares sold at outrageous premiums over the value of their portfolios.

The 1930's changed all that, and now, in the United States, investment companies operate under the cold eye of the Securities and Exchange Commission; in Canada, under Federal charters. They report their operations quarterly, which is a good deal more than many companies do, and operate on a basis of full disclosure.

For the investor, who is perhaps discouraged by his own efforts at planning an investment program, there are several types of funds that will, for an admission charge and the cost of management, undertake to solve his investment problems.

The first type is the closed-end fund which operates in the general manner of a holding company. Only a fixed amount of shares is issued, just as any other stock company.

The second type is the open-end fund, which gets its name from the fact that the company can issue an unlimited number of shares. That is, new shares are created with every sale, and those bought back from shareholders are cancelled. They can expand their sales and stock holdings indefinitely, being limited in the number of shares outstanding only by the number of buyers.

Open-end trusts are by far the most popular and have shown the greatest growth both here and in the United States, where they have grown to enormous size. Massachusetts Investment Trust, the oldest and best known of these, has over half a billion in stock holdings and has grown from 200 shareholders in 1924 to over 100,000.

Within this framework, we find the balanced funds, the common funds and the leverage funds.

A balanced fund is described as a fund whose management aims to vary the proportions of common stock, preferred stock and bond holdings in the portfolio so as to gain both capital gains and income for their shareholders.

A common stock fund is made up solely of common stocks. The price of the shares will move in a direct ratio with a major market indicator such as the Dow-Jones industrial average.

A leverage fund borrows money, on which it must pay interest, to supplement the capital provided by shareholders. The management presumes that this borrowed money can be used, in much the same way that margin is used by traders, to reap greater gains than could be had by use of the shareholders' capital.

Finally, there are the special funds which invest in one major industry, such as oil or mining.

The common argument used by all the funds is that their management can do better than the individual who has not the time, training or the research facilities to investigate and decide what stocks he should invest in.

Here is where the real argument starts. The funds maintain that with their research staffs and management ability, which of course must be paid for, they can do a better job than the average investor can do alone.

There is much to support this thesis. Reading the hundreds of letters that are addressed to Gold and Dross, we are impressed by the number of people who have bought stocks on hot tips and in haste and have repented at leisure. When to buy and when to sell are the most difficult questions of all to answer. The investment trusts seek to answer this by the use of formula plans, which call for changes in the ratio of stocks to bonds held by balanced funds, and by dollar averaging, which calls for the investment of the same amount of money in a stock, which buys less shares when prices are up and more when they are down, by the common stock funds.

For the participant in investment funds, dollar averaging offers a means of compounding on his investment that will, over the long term, provide him with a cost that is always less than the market price, despite the loading or premium charge for buying of about 8% and the management fee of about ½% of assets per year. This is generally equal to about 7% of gross income.

If one were to tour the financial district with pad and pencil and make a slip out on every tip received, one could be sure that at the end of a day the tourist would wind up with a basketful of tips on every stock on the board. Tips on stocks are something like tips on the races, with one important difference. Where increasing bets on a favorite horse reduce the odds, increasing bets on a stock increase its speed and market action. As 99% of people are natural bulls and almost any one who owns stocks is super-bullish, the reason for the perpetual barrage of tips is not hard to see. Conversely, nobody loves a bear. Every salesman and promoter is greatly pained whenever someone states that a stock should be sold. Hot tips to buy stocks are available by the bushel, but selling tips are as hard to find as the combination to a bank vault.

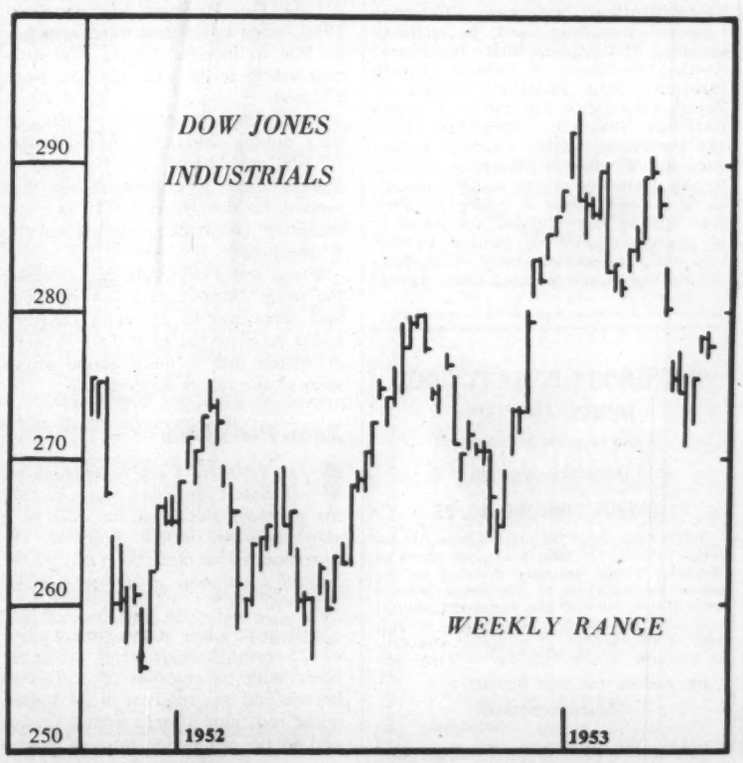
For the inexperienced person who cannot estimate market action and responds to every salesman's tip, investment trusts are worth investigating as a means of intelligent investing for the long pull.

THE major brokerage houses, however, have a strong argument in rebuttal. They claim, with some vindication, that their research men and market analysts are just as good as any trust man, and that they can do more for the individual investor, even a small one, on straight commissions without the management and loading fee charged by the investment companies.

Their claim to a "tailor made" fitting of every client's individual requirements, and greater flexibility, as compared with the "uniform" offered by the trusts, is borne out by the accompanying chart of the Dow-Jones Industrials.

Since this chart was prepared, another decline has carried the average to a low of 261.36. The balanced funds have been sellers of stocks for the past nine months. On the record they have declined less than the common stock funds and the others. The common funds have held up mainly on the efforts of their salesmen, who have brought more funds in than have been lost through sellbacks and the writedown of portfolios.

To this observer, the argument looks like a draw. The investor who bought Standard Oil of New Jersey or General Motors has had no more of a percentage decline in value than the investor in most funds. As the old stock trader said, "when the market goes up, some of them go up, but when it goes down they all go down."



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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Dividend No. 266

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st July 1953 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after SATURDAY, the FIRST day of AUGUST next, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 30th June 1953. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager

Toronto, 29th May 1953

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND No. 252

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Thirty Cents (30c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending 31st July, 1953, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Saturday, the 1st day of August next, to shareholders of record of 30th June, 1953.

By order of the Board.

J. S. PROCTOR,
General Manager.

Toronto, 10th June, 1953.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

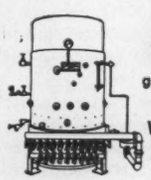
Dividend Notice

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held today a dividend of seventy-five cents per share on the Ordinary Capital Stock was declared in respect of the year 1953, payable in Canadian funds on August 1, 1953, to shareholders of record at 3.30 p.m. on June 19, 1953.

By order of the Board.

FREDERICK BRAMLEY,
Secretary.

Montreal, June 8, 1953.



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(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NOTICE

INTERIM DIVIDEND NO. 25

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an interim dividend of four cents per share in Canadian funds has been declared on the issued capital stock of Cochenour Willans Gold Mines, Limited (No Personal Liability) and will be paid on the 10th day of July 1953 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of June 1953.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.

G. M. HUYCKE,
Secretary.

Toronto, Ont., 16th June 1953.

Gold & Dross

Consolidated Cordasun

I HAVE *shares in Consolidated Cordasun Oils, purchased at 1.55. I would appreciate knowing whether or not I should purchase more at present levels to equalize my holdings. What are the prospects of this company?—G. S., Westmount, Que.*

At last report the company had oil reserves in excess of 1,275,000 barrels of light crude, working capital—obtained from bond sales—of $600,000 and total assets of $2,316,093.

The current market price of 49 cents is in line with the indicated value of the company. As most of the reserves are concentrated in the Beaver Lodge field in Dakota it does not appear that production income will be much of a factor for some time. The cost of exploration work, the maintenance of leases, and general operating costs could force the company into further bond financing.

As this would act as a depressant upon the stock, averaging down would not appear to be good tactics here. A better plan would be to invest in a larger company with oil reserves of over 10 million barrels and good production income and working capital. This would diversify your risks and afford a means of recovering possible losses.

Lake Osu

WOULD YOU *let me have your opinion on Lake Osu? I have 200 shares at 40 and 200 at 70. I am wondering whether I should sell at a loss or hold in hopes of a recovery.—Mrs. L.S., Campbellford, Ont.*

Lake Osu has been inactive since 1950, when operations were suspended due to lack of funds. Net current assets at the end of 1952 were $32,660.

Until market interest returns to gold mining shares, it seems doubtful that any attempt will be made to market the 1.5 million shares that remain in the treasury. If this assumption is correct, you are in for a long hold.

From the 1953 high of 51 cents, the price dropped to a low of 22½ and recovered to 26. The recovery could be extended to the 30-35 level. A switch into a more active group such as the oils is suggested.

Bata Petroleum

AT PRESENT *I am holding shares in Bata Petroleum. Since making the purchase this stock has been in a slow continual decline. What are the prospects for an increase in this stock? Should I sell now at a loss?—W. J. A., Trail, BC.*

Selling at a loss at the present price of 25 cents hardly seems advisable here. With oil reserves of 1,860,000 barrels and gas reserves of 24 billion cubic feet, plus a large interest in salt and potash production through Prairie Salt Company and Western Potash Corporation which Bata supplies with gas under long term contracts, the prospects of this company appear quite good.

Western Potash, of which Bata holds 500,000 shares, is reportedly making progress on sinking a shaft to the potash deposits.

Computing oil reserves at $1 per barrel, gas at 3 cents per thousand cu. ft., plus cash of $336,161, we arrive at a value of 35 cents per share before plant, equipment and other interests are considered.

With 3 million shares remaining in the treasury, it appears likely that some effort will be made to market these shares when public interest returns to the oils. Thus the stock seems more of a buy than a sale here.

Emerald Glacier

IN APRIL, 1952, *I bought Emerald Glacier at* 1.37, *being told to expect a substantial appreciation; but look at it now. It is quoted 28-34. What is your opinion as to the future of this stock?—J. E. M., Milton, Ont.*

Being a lead-zinc-silver producer, Emerald Glacier has been subject to all the forces that have brought the Toronto Stock Exchange Base Metal Index down from 200 to the recent low of 148.29.

With Canadian prices for lead and zinc at 12¾ and 10½ cents, it is very evident that most of the smaller base metal producers are in a difficult position. Mining, milling and smelting charges can amount to more than the market value of the concentrates they produce. A considerable rise in base metal prices is necessary if they are not to be forced to suspend operations.

As metal prices show little signs of recovering, despite the fact that production indices show industrial activity at a very high level, the prospects of this company do not appear too bright.

Calvan Consolidated

WOULD YOU *give me an analysis of Calvan Consolidated Oil and Gas? I have been following the oils for quite some time and am wondering if this is a good place to buy. Do you think Calvan is a good buy here at 5.50? — T. McM., Toronto.*

Calvan has turned in a better market performance, in the recent decline that brought the Toronto Stock Exchange index to a low of 104.47, than any of the other oils. After the long decline from the high of 8.85, it has repeatedly met support above 5.25.

With total assets of $10,506,355, working capital of $3,259,239 and oil reserves of over 15.5 million barrels giving an estimated value of $4.50 per share, the reason for this support is quite evident.

Production income, which is expect-

ed to increase considerably from the $250,200 reported for the first quarter this year, should more than carry all costs and expand net earnings.

A broad decline, such as we have seen, affords an opportunity to observe the separation of the sheep from the goats. Stocks in which all the offerings are readily absorbed, and which are not carried down to new lows, offer proof of strength. This action invites the conclusion that the path of least resistance is upwards. Calvan should then be one of the leaders in a general advance when one develops.

The oils, as a group, have been brought back to the broad support level of 100-108 on the index that was developed over six months in 1951. It appears that after 15 months of decline from the April, 1952, high of 157, the larger companies are in a buying range again.

Among the factors pointing towards improvement in the position of the oils are the completion of the Trans-Mountain pipeline, the extension of the Interprovincial pipeline, which will allow a considerable step-up in production allowables and year-round production, and the recent increase of 25 cents per barrel in crude oil prices in the U.S.

In view of these factors, Calvan should move in a trading range between 5.25 and 6.25 and would appear to be a buy in the lower half of this range. A move through 6.50 would indicate an advance was under way with objectives of 8.50 and 10.50.

Lingside Mines

I WOULD *appreciate any information you may have regarding the future prospects of Lingside Mines.—N. N., Toronto.*

The capitalization was recently increased by 1.5 million shares to 5 million for the purpose of purchasing property from Opagold mines in the Chibougamau area of Quebec. Opagold apparently conducted a magnetic survey and a drilling campaign on this property previously.

As the company reports cash of $2,694 and investments of $20,290, it appears that financing will have to be arranged to do much in the way of development work. Considering the depressed condition of mining shares at the present time, this would appear to be a rather difficult task. All factors considered, the prospects for this company do not appear to be too bright.

Husky Oil

I WOULD *like your opinion on the following investment I made some time ago. I purchased Husky Oil and Refining at 11¾, now it is about 9. Has this company a sound future with the larger companies speeding up their refining operations? —J. D. S., Abbotsford, BC.*

This company, which is a subsidiary of Husky Oil Co. of Delaware, has concentrated its refining efforts on the heavy oils obtained from the Lloydminster field. There, with 166 wells, it has proved oil reserves of 12 million barrels and probable reserves on undrilled acreage of over 8 million barrels.

Refinery output for 1952 totalled 2,098,000 barrels. The products, mostly fuel oils and asphalts, command a good market. The company has a contract for bunker "C" type fuel oil with Canadian National Railways. This contract calls for delivery of a minimum of 1 million barrels per year until 1956. From this it appears that the company's prospects for the future are quite good. Earnings per share improved to 72 cents from 17 cents per share earned in 1951.

With total assets of $8.40 per share the stock is selling close to the 1-1 ratio that usually indicates a buying level for investment. Holding of your stock is recommended.

Canadian Utilities

RECENTLY *I was presented with ten 5% cumulative, redeemable, preferred shares in Canadian Utilities Ltd. Can you tell me something about this company? Are these shares worth holding? If so, would it be worth while purchasing further shares as a long term investment?—P. G. G., Summerside, PEI.*

Canadian Utilities Ltd. supplies electric power to some 22,000 customers in the Drumheller, Vermillion and Grande Prairie areas of Alberta. It is controlled by International Utilities, which holds all the common stock.

The company has shown steady growth and is continuing to expand. Gross sales of power have tripled since 1933. Natural gas (as fuel for the steam plants and for a gas turbine unit that will, when installed next year, double generating capacity at Vermillion) promises to effect reductions in operating costs.

This stock appears to be a first class investment and should be held as a long term investment. As odd lots have traded at 95 recently, further purchases should be made near that price.

In Brief

I AM *holding shares of Consolidated Candego, now quoted at 20-22 cents. Are they worth holding? —E.V.K., Sherbrooke, Que.*

Considering the present outlook for metal prices, this stock does not appear to be a good hold.

I HOLD *500 shares of Columbus Kirkland. Could you inform me as to whether this stock has any value?—W. W. K., Toronto.*

This company is listed as defunct. The shares have no value.

I WOULD *appreciate your opinion on Baska Uranium as a hold.—A. F. M., Montreal.*

Judging by recent market action it is not an attractive hold.

I HAVE *been holding 1,000 shares of Harker Gold Mines for nearly five years. Is there any hope for this mine? —G. I. W., Tilbury, Ont.*

This mine has been inactive since 1929. At last report only a small amount of working capital remains in the treasury.

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GEORGE W. BOURKE: The Sun is everywhere.

Who's Who in Business

THE STORY of George Wesley Bourke is one of facts and, particularly, figures. Since 1950 he has been President of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, a company he joined 38 years ago as a clerk and which now translates his advice into a dozen different languages.

The fact that the sun never sets on Sun Life makes it the most widespread of all Canadian companies, represented in more countries than even the globe-spanning CPR, the world's biggest travel system. It has over $5,000 million worth of insurance in force, meets claims from policyholders and beneficiaries to the extent of $460,000 every working day, and, in its 82 years' history, has paid out more than $2½ billion.

Mr. Bourke is the Ontario-born (at Westport) son of an Irish parson; he is neat, slim (around 5′ 9″, 150 pounds) and methodical. Now 56, he has three sons; two are graduate engineers, one is studying to be an auditor. He spends his spare time at a summer home in the Laurentians. He wears double-breasted suits and rimless glasses, smokes cigars and plays bridge and a little golf (he prefers to describe it as "playing at golf").

So much for the facts; the figures tell more about his career.

In the summer of 1915 it was figures, and his skill in handling them, that first landed him a job in the Actuarial Department of Sun Life. An actuary's life is beset with such calculations as whether a man living in the tropics should pay a higher premium (he does) and whether the odds against a boxer living to a ripe old age should make him uninsurable (he is).

Sound mathematical training at Montreal High School and McGill University, where he obtained his BA and won the Anne Molson Gold Medal for mathematics and physics, made him an ideal candidate for the job. He interrupted it to serve with the Canadian Garrison Artillery, was wounded in France and was invalided out with the Military Medal and without part of his right arm.

Rejoining Sun Life's Actuarial Department in 1919, he married a McGill graduate, Beatrice Mitchell, the following year and continued to study for actuarial degrees. It was concentration of that sort in the past that had enabled him to complete his course in six years, two less than the normal eight needed to become an actuary, and his postwar studies brought him, in addition, Fellowships in the Society of Actuaries and in the Institute of Actuaries of Great Britain.

By 1932, George Bourke was Chief Actuary of Sun Life, by 1944 its General Manager and in 1947 he was elected Vice-President and Managing Director.

Today he sits in the President's chair in an office building which is the tallest in Montreal and the largest (covering two acres) in the Commonwealth. Despite his statement, "My program is to get the right kind of insurance into the hands of as many people as possible", he has never sold an insurance policy in his life—though if you as much as hinted you needed insurance, he would be quick to put you in touch with a man who would—a Sun Life man, of course.

JOHN WILCOCK

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SATURDAY NIGHT

Bonds

The Value of Sinking Funds

SINKING FUND bonds and debentures are those whose Trust Deeds call for a certain amount of such bonds or debentures to be retired from year to year until their date of maturity. Payment of bonds retired is provided for out of the company's annual earnings. The bonds thus retired may be purchased on the open market or may be called by lot. In the latter case, usually the numbers of the bonds or debentures are drawn and a list published. The call price for sinking fund purchases is at a figure stated in the provisions governing the issuance of these securities. Bonds or debentures, whether purchased on the market or by lot, are cancelled by the company and may not be reissued.

There are several types of sinking funds, but for the purpose of this article the discussion will be restricted to those pertaining to Corporation issues.

In order to bring out some general principles, let us first examine certain sinking funds now in operation.

A simple type is one like the $5 million Columbia Cellulose Company Limited 5% General Mortgage bonds issued in 1948 and maturing in 1968. The requirements were that starting in 1951 $200,000 worth of bonds were to be retired each year to 1967. This means that by the time the bonds come due in 1968, 60% of the issue will have been retired by the sinking fund.

Another relatively simple type is the $6,683,500 Bowaters Newfoundland Pulp and Paper Mills Limited 3½% bonds issued in 1947 and maturing in 1968. This sinking fund started at $115,000 per year in 1950 and increases each year at a rate of between $4000 and $7000. That is, 1953's figure is $128,000 and the final payment in 1967 will be $207,000.

A third example is the $35 million issue of Consolidated Paper Corporation Limited 3½% bonds put out in 1947 and maturing in 1967. This sinking fund started in 1948 and called for an annual payment of 25% of the consolidated net income after bond interest and taxes, provided the working capital exceeded $10 million.

In reviewing these three current examples, certain points are worthy of note. Common to all three is the fact that the payments did not start until at least one year after the issuance of the bonds. This is general practice since there is little advantage or purpose in redeeming part of an issue within a year.

Consolidated Paper deserves particular attention because its effectiveness is geared entirely to earning power, while the other two have a laid-down schedule of payments. Thus, in times of high earnings, large amounts of bonds are retired. This has been very much the case since 1948 with Consolidated. These abnormally large retirements by sinking fund each year have had a definite effect on the market value of Consolidated Paper bonds. The bonds of this company are presently worth about $98.25 and at this price give the same return on the investment as similar term Dominion of Canada bonds. This price is due solely to the scarcity value created by the demands of the sinking fund. If there were no sinking fund, the bonds would probably be selling ten points lower.

Marketing of bonds and debentures differs little in principle from that of stocks. It is dependent on supply and demand. If there is a big buying order in the market the stock generally goes up in price. When a company buys bonds for its sinking fund, it is similarly a big order in the market and the price of the bonds generally goes up, if the sinking fund requirements have to be met within a short period of time. Bonds, unlike stocks, however, have a "top" price. This top price is the figure at which a company has reserved the right to call bonds in the event that all the bonds needed for sinking fund cannot be obtained in the open market. It works this way:

A RECENT issue of Canadian Oil Companies 5% sinking fund debentures due December 1, 1972 was issued at $100. They bore the stipulation that they could be called for sinking fund starting in 1955, at a price of $104.75 and reducing ¼ of 1% each year to maturity. Thus in 1955 or before, the company will start to buy bonds for the sinking fund. Perhaps that year they will buy some of their bonds at $100 and the rest at $101. The next year they start buying again; this time perhaps it costs them $102.50 before they have bought all the bonds needed. We are now at the year 1958 and the company is finding the debentures harder and harder to buy in the open market, due to the previous years' buying having reduced the supply. As the price at which the bonds can be called reduces ¼ of 1% per year, therefore in 1958 the price is now $104. It is conceivable that in this year the company will find it cheaper to issue a call for bonds at $104 than to buy them in the open market. This call price is thus the "top" price or limiting factor governing the price rise of the debentures. In this case the "top" or call price for sinking fund purposes is a generous one.

It can be seen that sinking funds can play an important part in the market prices of bonds. The larger the sinking fund operating, the better the price of the bonds. The higher the sinking fund call price, the more chance of price appreciation.

Therefore, when buying bonds or debentures it is sound policy to examine the sinking fund provision carefully, as it may mean the difference between a frozen asset and a readily marketable security.

J. ROSS OBORNE

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Films

Fashions in Film Children

FASHIONS in Hollywood's screen children change from season to season. Little girls no longer appear in permanent ringlets and hand-smocked French frocks. They wear pigtails and jeans. Little boys have changed, too. The burnished marcel waves that used to distinguish Freddie Bartholomew and Bobby Breen have been replaced by cultivated spikes and cowlicks. Outwardly at least, Hollywood's screen children now look approximately like real children, with their natural tendency to dishevelment only slightly exaggerated.

The changes, however, are all external. The studios no longer fill out the gaps in childhood's front dentures with pearly porcelain caps—they just allow the gaps to show. Unfortunately, the gaps in childhood experience don't get the same judicious treatment. They are invariably filled in with precocities which grown-up audiences have learned to recognize and dread.

Sometimes these children behave like graduates of elocution classes giving imitations of child-impersonations by Red Skelton or the late Fanny Brice, but usually they are presented as dreadful little adults, handling the problems of estranged and quarrelsome people with a wise, sure touch. Screen children are in fact quite mad, but with none of the special ingratiating madness of real children. Their aberrations are a faithful reflection of the fond and foolish fancies created by adults who obviously can't stand the sound or sight of children in their natural state.

Fortunately, the Italian and English studios take quite a different approach to the young. As a rule, they create situations in which a child can recognize the fears, hopes and anguish of real childhood, and then leave the small actor to interpret them as far as possible in his own fashion.

There is, for instance, *The Yellow Balloon*, an English film which tells the story of a small boy helplessly trapped in a net of corruption and crime. I arrived a few minutes late at *The Yellow Balloon* and missed the name of the director. It was fairly clear, however, that the man responsible for this chilling little study was wise enough to stay in the background, leaving his young star (Andrew Ray) to describe in his own terms a child's innocence and desperation in a situation whose perils he can measure without in the least understanding. In this case, the director's confidence was well placed. With very little by way of dialogue—the young hero was almost speechless with terror through most of the picture—ten-year-old Andrew Ray was able to communicate to the audience an increasing panic and anguish that became at times almost too painful to watch.

In spite of its tensions, *The Yellow Balloon* is a relatively quiet little film. It is distinguished by those special signs of grace that are rarely present in more pretentious pictures — the ability to create drama almost incidentally through small, acutely observed situations, the intelligence to make a statement clearly and honestly, and to make it only once. Until it resolves itself into the inevitable chase-and-capture sequence at the end, every element in *The Yellow Balloon* — the characterizations, the emotions, the shabby-respectable background of home and street and Sunday school—is exactly and unostentatiously right. It is a good film on almost any terms, but young Andrew Ray's performance makes it specially worth watching.

IF THE child-star in *The Yellow Balloon* is fairly characteristic, so, unfortunately, is the child-star (Sherry Jackson) of *Trouble Along the Way*. She is the daughter of a more or less unfrocked football coach (John Wayne), and her problems include an interrupted education, a heartless mother (Marie Windsor), a problem father who haunts poolrooms, and a pretty snoop from the Children's Protective Association (Donna Reed), who haunts John Wayne. Sherry handles everything with a firm adult hand and a wealth of precocious dialogue. It's enough to give real adults in the audience the creeps.

There is a parallel plot having to do with the troubles of a small Catholic college, St. Anthony's, headed by Charles Coburn. Coach Wayne is imported to rebuild the football team and thus help lift the mortgage. He accomplishes this by packing the team with professionals, and when this misdemeanor is discovered, he is promptly fired by outraged Father Coburn. Eventually the latter comes round to a less academic point of view, and in the final sequence he makes a public confession of his inadequacies that might have sounded excessive at the Moscow Trials. I don't know what *Trouble Along the Way* sets out to prove, unless it is that a little child shall mislead everybody.

Francis Covers the Big Town presents Francis the Talking Mule along with his faithful dragoman, Donald O'Connor. The comedy value of Francis, never very extensive, is finally exhausted in this episode. It seems about time to call the whole thing off and start young Mr. O'Connor on something fresh.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

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—*Vancouver Sun.*

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75

Women

DENIM *goes to work: a summer wardrobe co-ordinated by Tina Leser; vividly striped denim pedal pushers, cotton broadcloth Henden shirt, complete with denim peaked jockey cap and denim gloves.*

Conversation Pieces:

THE GROWING international acceptance of Canada as a style centre is emphasized in the establishment of a Montreal branch of the famous New York furrier, Leo Ritter. "In furs, it is logical to look to the Canadian woman for leadership in accepting new ideas," said Mr. Ritter. "She has the opportunity to wear furs of all types, and wearing is the true test of fashion."

We like the Anglo-Saxon name for July, "mead-monath", the time of meadows in bloom, better than the Roman derivation, in honor of Julius Caesar. The July birthstone is the ruby.

Faye Emerson's brittle blonde beauty was offset by a black evening gown, at her Toronto "Prom" appearance. Gone was the plunging neckline of her early TV days. Instead, her gown, a Jane Derby creation, bared one shoulder, the black being underscored by pale pink that gave the illusion of even more shoulder. Miss Emerson said her favorite color is white—an odd choice for a blonde.

Florence Emory has received the Florence Nightingale Medal, given by the International Red Cross for outstanding contributions to nursing. Miss Emory is a Professor at the University of Toronto School of Nursing, and National Chairman of the nursing services of the Canadian Red Cross.

Friendly gesture: a bench at a Toronto streetcar stop, bearing the words "Courtesy of four hundred Avenue Road." The address is that of the apartment fronting the stop.

Weddings: Claude Loranger, daughter of Henri Masson Loranger, QC, to Paul Casgrain, son of Madame Thérèse Casgrain and the late Hon. Mr. Justice Casgrain, both of Montreal; Jill Foster, daughter of the Hon. George B. Foster, QC, to Roderick Leinster Henry, both of Montreal; Janet Mary Miller, of Amherst, NS, to Roy David Ross, son of Professor Roy Ross, of Wolfville, NS; Patricia Jane Brown, daughter of a former Michigan Senator, to W/C "Sandy" Watson, RCAF, a well-known sportsman and son of Capt. John Slater Watson, of Hamilton, Ont.; Shirley Welling, daughter of the late Albert M. Welling, of Moncton, NB, to Dr. John Caron, son of Judge Amedee Caron, of Rimouski, Que.; Edith Joanne Ivey, of London, Ont., a student at Toronto's Conservatory Opera School, to Dr. Ettore Mazzoleni, Principal of the Conservatory.

"When I look at a woman I see her as a whole woman, not just a head," said international milliner, Lilly Dache, on her first visit to Montreal. This may account for the fact she now designs dresses, shoes and gloves, as well as her famous hats.

Dr. Marjorie Trotter, who retired last year as Principal of Moulton College, Toronto, is now in Greece. She will be the acting principal, for the next three years, of the ladies' section of Anatolia College, in Thessalonike.

Saturate little flannel pads with your favorite cologne, and sew them inside the hem of your skirt.

Present at the 44th convention of the Special Libraries Association, held this year in Toronto, was SLA President Elizabeth Ferguson, of New York.

New Officers: Mrs. Enid Nemy Cohen, elected President, Montreal Branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club; Mrs. Frank Mackenzie Ross, President of the BC division of the Canadian Cancer Society, elected Director of the National Board; Mrs. Paul Lippens, elected President, *La Ligue de la Jeunesse Feminine.*

"Overweight is a problem of calory imbalance," said Dr. E. Neige Todhunter, New Zealand-born woman dean at the University of Alabama. "And spectacular dietary formulae will not reduce weight and maintain health at the same time."

JOAN RIGBY

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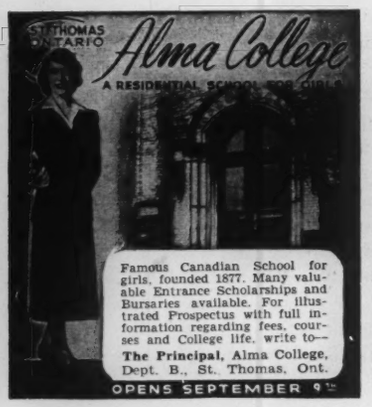
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BC's New Pianist

FOR Nora von Haimberger music is the reason for living.

This tall, handsome girl brought a fine pair of hazel eyes, a capacity for overcoming obstacles, an immense enjoyment of life and a fine musical heritage to British Columbia four summers ago. She is a great-grand-niece of Felix Mendelssohn, and a baroness in her own right. Her third class passage from Europe was paid by an anonymous American friend.

Since 1840, when they were given patents of nobility from the Emperor of Austria for value received, the von Haimbergers had been bankers, enormously wealthy and patrons of the arts, especially music. Banker Grandpapa von Haimberger was an accomplished violinist. In Berlin, as a very small child, Nora remembers turning over musical scores for many who are now well-known musicians, at her grandfather's chamber-music evenings.

"All the grandchildren had to go," she said. "Some of them were so tiny they fell asleep, but not if *Grossvatter* was looking."

World War Two wiped out much of their wealth. Racially Jewish, the von Haimbergers have been Lutherans for four generations; the Mendelssohns, also Jewish by extraction, are Catholic. But that did not make it any easier when the Nazis came to power. With the outbreak of war, Nora's maternal grandmother, a Mendelssohn, was smuggled out of the country to Sweden.

Nora's mother, with three of her four children—two girls and a boy—retreated to a remote family place in Austria. Her other son, Hans, was conscripted by the German Army, taken prisoner in the Italian campaign and, when war ended, came to Canada to farm. It was to join him Nora came later.

Of the war years Nora says: "Mother kept us well fed. We had a cow and grew garden stuff. She also managed not to let us forget music. My sister is a wonderful 'cellist."

As soon as peace came, Nora climbed into an open cattle truck with other Germans who were being sent back to Berlin, and set about looking for her music teacher. For all her hours of practice on the old castle piano, she was afraid she was getting rusty. She said, "The journey took four days and nights and I had to pretend I was German or I would have been killed. The Germans hated the Austrians."

At Duncan, on Vancouver Island, near her brother's farm, Nora lived in one small cheap room; hung it with Chianti bottles, her only interior decorating; got a piano, pupils and friends. Doing without wine she finds difficult in her new life. She cut her own dark curly hair; restrained her predilection for expensive bath salts and bought the minimum of clothes. Her winter coat is the one in which she left Stuttgart, where the von Haimbergers now live. The one thing she never stints on is music and friends.

"But I wanted to see my family again. So I had, somehow, to save one thousand dollars."

Cecil Clark

NORA VON HAIMBERGER: with her piano and her Chianti bottles.

So during her second summer in Canada, when there were no pupils for piano lessons, Nora got a job as chambermaid at the Empress Hotel in Victoria.

"It would have been better if I could have been a waitress and made more money," she said briskly. "But I was afraid for my hands, with heavy trays."

At the Empress she learned to make beds and change towels, ward off importunate males, get ahead of bell boys to pick up tips, snitch an occasional dab of guests' perfume, indulge her sense of humor. Most of the time when she wasn't on duty, she practised on a grand piano, in a studio she rented.

During the next winter, she gave several radio concerts in Vancouver and extended her classes up-island. By the summer of 1952 she had saved one thousand dollars, flew to Stuttgart and spent every cent of it.

Back on Vancouver Island, with a completely flat pocketbook, she decided to move to Victoria. But she kept her up-island pupils and friends.

She got herself a big square room with a musical Hungarian family who understood about long hours of practice, installed an upright piano and hung up her Chianti bottles. There were now quite a number and they were very decorative. The rest of the furniture consisted of a large Hungarian bed with a goosefeather cover, and a small electric stove.

"Next year—a grand piano," she vows, with no idea how she will get it or where she will put it.

On December 8, 1952, she played Mozart and Bach concertos for two pianos with the English pianist-composer, Charles Palmer, and the Victoria Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of former Torontonian Hans Gruber; and during the winter she played again for the CBC, Vancouver.

As well as teaching music in Victoria and 70 miles away (by bus), at Duncan, Cowichan Lake and Shawinigan Lake, Nora taught German in various homes by her own methods, which are frantically unorthodox. Her pupils were everything from an RCMP Inspector, who declaimed Hamlet and sang drinking songs in German at a gay wind-up party, to army types due to be moved to the Rhine any day, and included housewives and students. Their ages varied from 19 to 70.

Nothing has really fazed Nora in this New World except her weight. She came back from her trip to Germany to realize that she had grown enormous and that Canadians preferred their concert pianists shapely. She likes to eat but, in the interests of her career, she has taken off 25 pounds and is still reducing.

"I feel starved all the time," she said, "but maybe pretty soon I'll be a movie type." She never will. She is much too robust.

This summer Nora Haimberger—she has dropped the von—will fly to New York for piano lessons. It all has to be done economically — a plane ticket to Seattle, then across the continent by bus, day and night travelling. "It has a wash-room, the bus," Nora told me. "So I don't need to stop and waste money anywhere." And the chances are she will come back with that grand piano.

GWEN CASH

Food

THESE days, the patio or the garden is the centre of social life. Entertaining is informal and can be fun. If it is hot and none of your guests is especially hungry, we suggest cold drinks and some bite-size canapes. We obtained some original "mixtures" from Ben Kamsler, general manager of Toronto's Melody Fair.

Here are four of Mr. Kamsler's specialties, made by mixing cream cheese with other ingredients, ready to dab on cocktail biscuits or toast bits. Assembling and making take only a few minutes. The amounts given are with 8 to 10 guests in mind.

Take ½ of an 8 oz. pkg. of cream cheese and a 3 oz. tin of devilled ham. Mash well together with a spoon, adding a little garlic salt, pepper and some chopped parsley.

Take the other half of the cream cheese, soften it with a little cream if necessary. Mash together with ¼ pkg. of smoked liver sausage.

Add 4 or 5 tbls. sour cream to ½ pkg. of cream cheese. Blend well and add 3 chives and a little garlic salt.

Mash together ¼ pkg. of cream cheese, one avocado, the yoke of a hard boiled egg, and add a little cayenne pepper and garlic salt. Mr. Kamsler says that the Mexicans add sliced red peppers (the kind you get in a tin) to a similar mixture and call it "Huacamole."

And if you want a bit more variety, Mr. Kamsler suggests you cut up bologna and serve the pieces on crackers; the same with anchovies. And Swedish meat balls can be speared on tooth picks, for extra sustenance.

Mr. Kamsler says he always likes to have some good hard cheese in the centre of a tray, with crackers skirting it. Most men like at least one "straight" food item.

• •

Going to Extremes

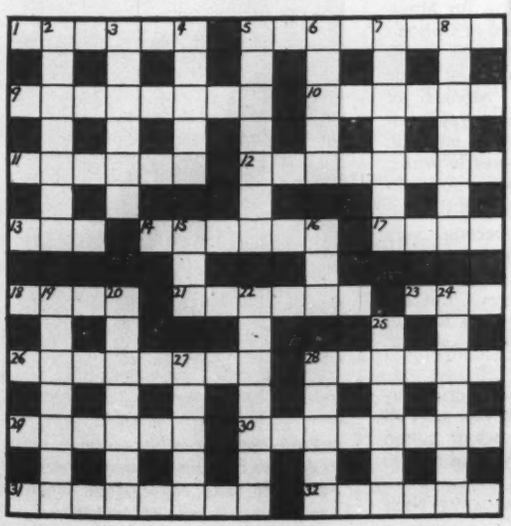
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. See 31
5. See 32
9. See 31
10. Not one of the big shots. (6)
11. It happened to be attached to what came down. (6)
12. It may give you a lift but it's bound to let you down. (8)
13, 18, 23. One who looks like a shy little violet? (3-7)
14. Were his brain-children mothered by necessity? (6)
17. U.S. citizen who rebuilt most of Kenya? (4)
18. See 13
21. 5 down. They may, perhaps, cause an 18 in dairy produce. (6-7)
23. See 13
26. How one gets sort of rattled by a sibilant. (8)
28. Complaint of 21, 5 down? (6)
29. Little Ferdinand? (6)
30. Such a one will unexpectedly create a new appearance in a vile role. (8)
31, 1, 9. But this doesn't seem to apply to current prices. (4,4,2,4,4,4)
32. 5 across. One will be if a 9 is inevitable in the steeplechase. (6,3,1,4)

DOWN

2. It's been Porgy's remaking since Bess left with it and made an issue of it. (7)
3. How odd, perhaps, to find it not on the level. (6)
4. Sing to fish. (5)
5. See 21
6. Purée of Indian mint? (5)
7. An early fall may help to create a wrong impression. (7)
8. Order the rest for the dog. (3, 4)
15. Call Bud up! (3)
16. Tips off 24 before raising his remains. (3)
19. How to make a candid camera shot less candid? (7)
20. Evidently the remainder is not rented for fowl. (7)
22. Perambulates, following the perambulator? (7)
24. His detractors seemingly found his work quite steep in its new treatment. (7)
25. Digest, when this has got down. (6)
27. It seems one has to be almost blotto to be game. (5)
28. He's certainly immersed in his work. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 33. Make hay while the sun shines
10. Lateral
11. Eclipse
12. Each
13. Scrub
14. Boil
17. Eyetooth
18. Suitor
20. Hatter
22. Creation
26. Lane
27. Yawns
28. Flea
31. Onerous
32. Utensil
33. See 1

DOWN

2. Article
3. Earn
4. Allocate
5. Woeful
6. Ilis
7. Exploit
8. Sleeve
9. Teller
15. Lover
16. Tubas
19. Pronouns
20. Halloo
21. Tangent
23. Idlesse
24. Nearly
25. Nassau
29. Mole
30. Semi

(268)

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Fashion

NOW COTTON has come into its own. No longer is it merely the workday dress, with convenient pockets and a bit of braid trim. Now it goes out to cocktails and to balls. Top designers have glamourized it.

This year's U.S. Maid of Cotton, 19-year-old Alice Corr, of Alabama, was outfitted with an entire cotton wardrobe, created for her by American, Canadian and European designers. It included a pale blue cotton ball gown by Pierre Balmain; a grey cotton suit by Jean Patou, and a cotton velveteen coat by Schiaparelli.

We haven't much patience with the ordinary run of beauty queens and contest winners, but the Maid of Cotton has good promotion value. She tours North and South America and the continent, and models her wardrobe in the larger stores (this year she was at Eaton's). And now cotton has become an important fashion factor.

Cotton was first cultivated and manufactured in India, at least five centuries before the Christian era. Italy was the first European country to manufacture it. England was very late in the field, starting around the end of the 17th century, but England now has perhaps one of the best-known manufacturers—Horrockses. The original mill owner was an enterprising young man, John Horrocks, who, in 1791, launched out as a cotton manufacturer in his native Preston and sold his yarn to hand-loom weavers in the district.

A whole wardrobe by Horrockses is at present in Stratford, Ont. It was created for actress Irene Worth, leading lady at the Stratford Shakespearean Festival. "Practically everything in my own wardrobe that I brought with me, is cotton," Miss Worth said, "including a beautiful white pique dinner dress."

Kitchen towelling has even crept into summer high fashions. Sybil Connolly, the Dublin designer, showed evening separates of this material in her first Canadian showing, for Montreal Morgan's. In the Maid of Cotton's Canadian-made wardrobe was a costume of evening coat and dress, made from tea-towelling, by Alfandri of Montreal. The flowing coat was created from ten yards of the material, dyed scarlet; the dress was in white, softly bowed at the bodice and glittering with rhinestone buttons.

Glazed cotton has become very popular. It adds a rich look and takes color well. We have seen it give a lift to a dull grey. But the polished surface does give a warmer look on a hot July day than, say, cotton pique.

Cotton is not just a summer material now. Coming up in the pre-Fall fashion showings are heavy cotton tweeds, cotton corduroys and cotton velveteen.

MARGARET NESS

de Silva

GLAZED COTTON *frock in lime green, imported from Italy, at a fashion show held on the starlit terrace of Castle Harbour Hotel, Bermuda.*

COTTON ORGANDY *white evening dress, by Jacques Fath for Nanty of New York, with wide black satin ribbon threaded through a full sweeping skirt.*

Lighter Side

Election Coming Up

THE FEDERAL ELECTION day is now definitely set for August 10. It seemed, therefore, an opportune time to conduct a telephone survey and discover if possible how the general public felt about midsummer voting. (My method is to pinpoint the community, using a real pin and stabbing it anywhere in the telephone book.)

A Mrs. Budgerley, my first call, declared that she was outraged at Mr. St. Laurent's action in calling the election at a time that would practically disenfranchise the entire summer-cottage group.

"I believe Mr. St. Laurent said it would be impossible to have the enumeration in July or August, since at that time many people would be out of town," she said. "Would the Premier prefer to have us out of town when the clear call of civic and patriotic duty comes on August 10?"

"You could always come back home," I suggested.

"Quite impossible in my case," Mrs. Budgerley said. "I happen to have registered for the Married Women's Sack Race which takes place on August 10 at our Annual Regatta."

"I really don't see what difference it makes," said a Mrs. Tripper. "It's hot in summer, but then it's dreary in fall, cold in winter and wet in spring. In other words, I fail to see why I should be diverted from my fixed duties and obligations just because voting day happens to fall on August 10."

"That's splendid!" I said, "You mean nothing will deter you from exercizing your ballot on August 10?"

"I mean," said Mrs. Tripper, "that nothing will deter me on August 10 from putting up my piccalilli preserve as usual."

A MR. J. STUART WILMINGTON declared that any vote in August was bound to be a light one. "I've been feeling for a long time that something more progressive should be done about getting out the vote," he went on. "For instance, you take the average polling booth. Rugs up, newspapers down, everything put out of reach for fear the electorate will pinch the family clock—"

"What would you suggest?" I asked.

Mr. Wilmington said he would use the same methods employed elsewhere to bring in the customers. "A hundred pairs of free nylons to be given away to the first hundred voters. Blonde receptionists to check the lists. Door prizes. Live talent shows—"

"Canadian talent," I said quickly.

"Strictly," said Mr. Wilmington. "Then how about a Giveaway Bungalow in every riding? And hold the final drawing in the Bungalow. Better still, hold the balloting in the Bungalow."

"It sounds very progressive," I said, "but I'm not sure—"

"Then there's the box-top angle," Mr. Wilmington went on enthusiastically. "How about a new detergent to catch the female vote? With a good catchy name, something like Whitewash, for Whiter Washing, ha, ha. And make the box-tops redeemable at the polling booth."

I said it sounded wonderful. "You could have it in both French and English, New Clothes Washing Marvel. Nouvelle Merveille de Blanchissage."

"That's the idea!" Mr. Wilmington said. "Catch the Quebec vote."

"I'M against it!" declared a Mr. Neely. "The Trades and Labor Congress meets here on August 10. That means the whole Congress will be disenfranchised unless it can get its vote recorded in advance."

"Maybe the Council should consult Mr. Pickersgill," I suggested.

"Why Pickersgill?" asked Mr. Neely.

"I thought everybody consulted Mr. Pickersgill," I said.

"I'm against it," Mr. Neely said promptly, and hung up.

What was my surprise two minutes later when, after dialling idly, I heard a masculine voice on the line saying, "Pickersgill speaking."

"Why Mr. Pickersgill!" I cried. "I didn't know you were in town!"

"Why not?" said Mr. Pickersgill, "I live here."

"Tell me, Mr. Pickersgill," I went on, greatly excited, "how do you feel about the Bonavista-Twillingate chances?"

"Come again," said Mr. Pickersgill.

I repeated the question and Mr. Pickersgill, after some consideration, said cautiously, "If you want to know, the smart money is on 'Some Pigeon'."

I decided to start afresh. "I guess I hardly need ask you about how you feel about holding the Federal Election on August 10."

"They holding an election on August 10?" Mr. Pickersgill asked.

"I wonder if I could have made a mistake," I said at this point, "You are Mr. Jack Pickersgill of Ottawa, aren't you?"

"Uh-uh," Mr. Pickersgill said. "I'm Mr. Morrie Pickersgill, out the Kingsway."

"I'm so sorry to have troubled you," I said.

"No trouble at all," said Mr. Pickersgill genially. "Call me up any time. You doing anything this evening?"

"I'm afraid I am," I said.

"Too bad," Mr. Pickersgill said, and added cheerfully, "Well, see you on Mudder's Day."

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The Backward Glance

Ten Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

ON JULY 3, 1943, the war had entered a period of temporary calm, so far as news from the various fronts was concerned. But not so calm was the reaction of SATURDAY NIGHT to the wartime marriage of convenience between the democracies and the Soviet Union. Two Front Page editorials dealt with aspects of this shotgun alliance.

The first quoted Lionel Gelber, a Canadian commentator, who said, "The preservation of peace and the attainment of victory do not require a common ideology. On the nature of society, King George VI and M. Stalin have no doubt differences as profound as any that separated Edward VII from the Tsar Nicholas II. But the things they unite are more important than those which divide."

The second called the Communists, and their smear sheet the *Canadian Tribune*, to task for their hysterical attitude towards a CBC panel discussion on the merits of the silly Hollywood film, *A Mission To Moscow*. Apparently one of the members of the panel had dared to call the film for what it was, a piece of clumsy propaganda. The Communist press had turned on him, accused him of being a Fascist-minded tool of the reactionaries, and used other choice Commie names. SATURDAY NIGHT took this man's part, and defended his right to criticize the movie.

In the Letters column there was a vigorous defence of the Canadian Army's high command, for its handling of the Dieppe Raid, by a retired Colonel of Royal Artillery then living in Quebec; a letter on stammering by Norman Wells of Toronto, who claimed that stammering was a cause of nervousness, not a result; a plaintive complaint about an "illogical" feature of the Income Tax law by Lloyd Werdon of St. Catharines; a congratulatory letter on a SATURDAY NIGHT editorial dealing with this country's barring of entry to European Jews; and a letter from Johnston, Everson and Charlesworth, editors of *The Printed Word*, denying hotly that they had "viewed with equanimity" the starvation of house painters. They said, "The only housepainter we would gladly starve is Hitler."

An article by Professor A. E. Prince of Queen's University praised England's Gracie Fields for her propaganda work in the United States. Without detracting one bit from the value of Miss Fields' work for Allied unity and Anglo-American relations, we would like to inform Professor Prince that her hasty departure from Britain during its darkest days did not meet with such a generous reaction among Englishmen, who thought that it was the duty of entertainers to entertain at home, and not 3,000 miles from the Blitz.

Gracie Fields was not the only entertainer, movie star, writer, etc., who suddenly remembered the American public at the beginning of the war.

A large advertisement by Young & Rubicam warned the public about rumor-mongering. It was illustrated by a drawing showing the dove of peace lying dead in a black casket. This was in the days before the Cominform, with the help of Senor Picasso, had made this exotic pigeon their own. With a few changes in text, the Young & Rubicam advertisement could be used today; the casket could be borne by such pallbearers as a South Korean, a Vietnamese, a Greek, a Malay, a Chinese Nationalist, and, perhaps, even a white Kenya farmer.

Willson Woodside wrote an informative article on our aerial bombing campaigns, called "Knocking Out The Ruhr"; Wilfred Sanders wrote a piece titled "American Opinion Swinging From Isolationism"; and James Stretton discussed "The College-Bred Officer Returning From War"; which should have been called "Pity The Poor Officer Who Has To Come Back To The Workaday World". This essay surprised us; we did not think there was any reason for shedding tears for returning college boys when so many others, without college educations, had to come back and find themselves a place in the economic scheme of things.

The London Letter was sub-titled "British Doctors Oppose Nationalization", and it gave a running account of the opposition to National Health Insurance by the organized medical profession, and especially the objections raised by the medical men in the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

The Bookshelf carried reviews of *A Newman Treasury*, edited by Charles F. Harrold, *Circuit By Conquest*, by Relman Morin, *Ezra And Me*, by Harry Persons, *Children Of North Africa*, by Louise A. Steintorf, and *Moonset*, by Margaret Gruen.

Stewart C. Easton, who reviewed the last-named book, began his review: "Here is a first novel of much promise. It suffers from certain errors in construction that can easily be avoided in later works." In other words, "Here is a first novel written by somebody who still doesn't know how to write. Let's hope she learns how before they publish her next book." Farther on the reviewer said, "He has a charming girl wife, and an equally charming, if hardly credible, mother-in-law, and he has three children of varying degrees of charm." This was all so charming that after reading it we went down the hall and washed the syrup out of our hair.

THE World of Women pages carried so many photographs of lightly-clad young females that only a fervent sense of duty made us turn to other items to fill this space. Before tearing ourselves away, however, we took another look at a young lady wearing a play suit of spun white linen, accented by a colorful Indian border print; an "unretouched photograph" of the prettiest pair of gams we've seen since Marlene Dietrich became a Grandma, advertising Helena Rubinstein's Aquacade Leg Lotion; and another picture of a pip (who reminded us of a babe who stole our wallet at the Canadian National Exhibition in 1938) wearing "a striped and flowered print patterned in large vivid proportions . . . a model of brevity . . . obviously a near relation to the sarong."

Concerning Food asked, "Do you know your herbs?" We answered this in the negative, adding the qualification that we were willing to learn. Here are some of the things we learned, for better or for worse: lentils quicken the wits, lettuce induces sleep, radishes sweeten the blood, broom infused in beer does the liver good (it fails to say whether you should use a corn or hair broom), parsley takes the smell of onions from your breath, and rue "diminishes the force of love in man, increasing it in woman." That last herb gives us a wonderful idea—but perhaps we'd better keep it to ourselves, or we might rue it later.

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The Passing Show

As Old as Obscenity Itself

IT WAS MORE than coincidence that the Canadian Senate and the U.S. House of Representatives made an examination at the same time of the swollen new industry of comic and pocket books. Both bodies were concerned with low-price salaciousness.

It is a continuing problem. When the late George H. Boivin was Canada's Minister of Customs, he told me that if he did nothing else he would keep imports of pornography out of Canada. At that time, there was a furore in New York over a new fashion in filth: publishers vied with one another in emitting daring novels that made Elinor Glyn's pioneer sensation, *Three Weeks,* as mild as a Girl Scout homily.

James J. Walker, a State Senator before he became the rising, if not early rising, Mayor of New York, made a speech before as many of his peers as were not toying with illicit hootch in hideaways. He defended what he called freedom of the press. When a Supreme Court Justice interposed that he had been shocked to find his own daughter reading a "spicy" novel, Walker uttered what was deemed a crushing, classic cry: "Who ever heard of a young woman being ruined by a book?"

That ambiguity was too silly even to be cynical. Young people have been and are being ruined by books, not always lewd—for example, *Das Kapital* and *Mein Kampf.*

Boys' club groups, with pious huzzahs from onlookers, sporadically gather and burn comic books; but color presses outstrip the bonfires. Texts in these brochures are laundered for juveniles, albeit they are illustrated with gaudy aphrodisiacs to stir primitive instincts in the pubescent. They rarely go so far as to be denied second class postage rating. Another and fatuously seductive grade of red-hot-momma operae, the arty books printed on slick paper, sell by the carload; they pay freight, not postage. Their advertising revenue derives from purveyors of hormone-hoisters, sex-gland accelerators, pimple removers, unabridged curricula of concupiscence and saucy postcards.

A typical bit of aestheticism from an under-counter graphic is the photo of a super-mammalian model, grinning like a glamorous gargoyle, clad only in a mink stole that flirts to emphasize physical charms.

It's the experience of responsible publishers that salaciousness is not for the long haul; but bookleggers aim for quick profits, with fast changes of name and address. They're like the Lotharios who change their names when registering in a hotel, and the hotel changes its name when they depart.

The old humorous weekly, *Life,* an opulent paraphrase of London's *Punch,* published by Charles Dana Gibson, tried—to Gibson's vast distaste—snappy covers of demi-semi-quaver nudes; it succumbed to the new *Life,* whose first edition was embellished by a pictorial play-by-play on "How to Undress Before Your Husband". That was a sell-out; but Editor Luce was much too wise to let his Rabelaisian scholars go any further. *The New Yorker,* backed by gin and yeast profits, gave the Postmaster-General qualms with etchings by various smart-set cartoonists, but soon developed a much wittier and more polished sophistication.

Prurient literature is as old as obscenity itself. Cavemen carved grotesqueries which were early editions of the wall-scrawls of today's precocious adolescents.

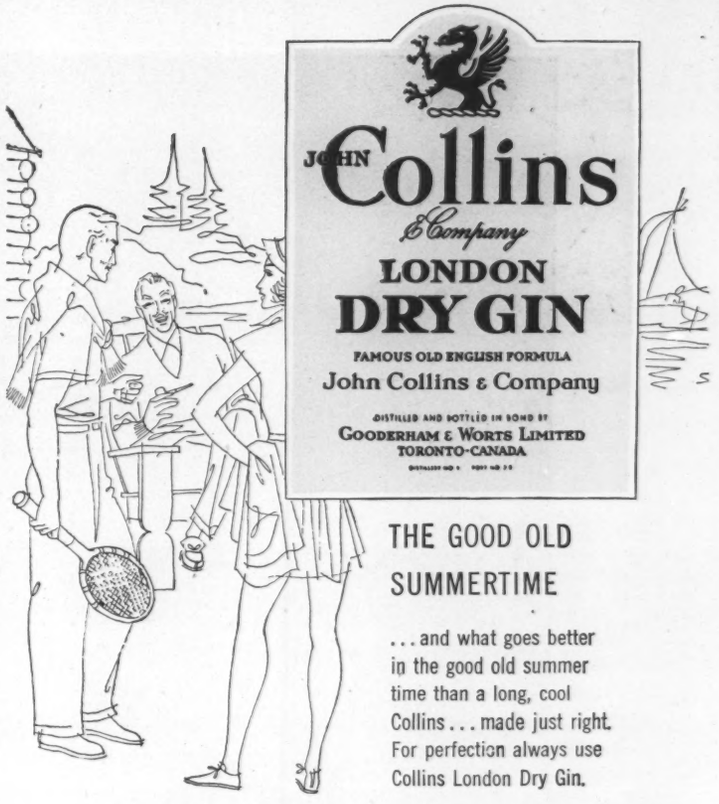
Now news-stands and stores where books are sold are kaleidoscopes of chromo-covered paper-backs which are devoured by the public to an astounding total of about 200 millions annually. You'll find a work like *Best Bible Stories* and authentic history like General Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe* sandwiching *All Night Gal,* picturing a lurid lady whose whereabouts will soon be marked with an X. Mickey Spillane and his like sell by the millions a month. Just as in movies you never see a detective with his hat off, so in these private-eye whimsies no investigator has his morals on. These plug-uglies guzzle drinks between drinks, atomize cigarettes, knuckle-duster all rivals, belt harridans out windows just for practice and always wind up giving some sinister blonde or broiled brunette the business.

There is not much that Congresses or Parliaments can do about it, no matter how they heave and roar. Human nature being what it is, there has been a market for this kind of thing ever since the art of story-telling was discovered.

Peter Fenelon Collier, who founded *Collier's Weekly* and occupied a pent-office on Thirteenth Street, Manhattan, garnished with champagne magnums and volatile babes, copied the pocket-book racket from England's four-pence-ha'penny reprints. He also baited Charles Eliot, President of Harvard, who had declared that a liberal education could be imbibed from a shelf of books five feet in length, into naming those books. The result was the Harvard Classics, as widely bought and extensively unread as bargain-counter sets of encyclopedias.

Now there's a fellow in Chicago who plans to revive the old Haldeman-Julius Kansas idea of vest-pocket books. I have another idea: instead of condensing, pulverize 'em into capsules, swallow the damned things and be a well-read man.

JOHN B. KENNEDY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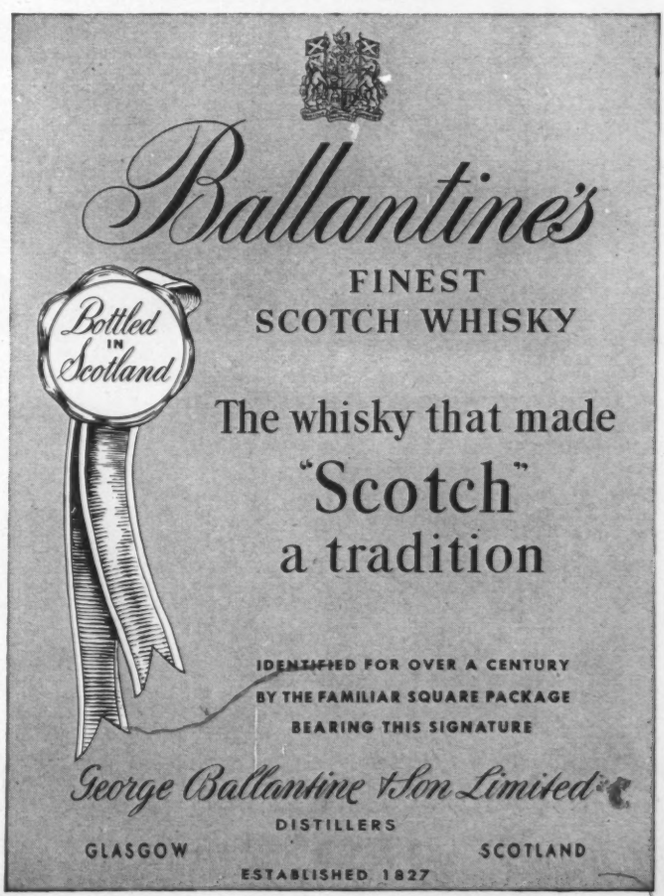

The Seagram Gold Cup

Again this year, The Royal Canadian Golf Association will present the Seagram Gold Cup to the winner of the Canadian Open Golf Championship. This famous trophy, which bears the names of some of the world's greatest golfers—Little, Snead, Nelson, Wood, Locke, Harrison, Ferrier and Palmer—will be competed for on July 8, 9, 10, 11, at the colourful Scarboro Golf and Country Club in Toronto. To all spectators and competitors, The House of Seagram extends a hearty welcome and best wishes.

The House of Seagram